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The Ewing Christian College Magazine

VOL. XXIV } DECEMBER, 1933 { No. 2

Christmas in the Poetry of Today

BY JAMES C. MANRY

WE are not certain of the month and day on which Christ was born. The spirit of the Christians of the earliest centuries was opposed to the observance of special days and seasons; St. Chrysostom, for one example, remarks that the *whole of time* is sacred because of the excellence of the gifts that God has given. January 6, March 25 and December 25 were all regarded, by different persons, as the true date. A general consensus of opinion in favour of December 25 came only with the fifth century.

Whatever the exact date of the first Christmas, no festival is now so deeply plastered in the hearts and bosoms of mankind.

I have recently been going over the work of some American poets of our own time, and I have been impressed with the great extent to which many of them are occupied with themes drawn from the life of Jesus. There have always been special poets of piety, and I do not refer simply to the modern representatives of these, who deal with religious themes exclusively. What seems to be specially significant is that many of what may be called the general run of poets are now found mingling poems about Jesus with their verses on love, companionship, the beauties of nature.

These poems which evince "The Return of Christ" are of varying distinction. Many of them are of a kind never seen before, combining concrete realism of detail with imagination and the outreach of faith. Each poem of this sort is primarily an expression of the author's own point of vision; but taken collectively they illustrate the many facets of the precious jewel of truth.

I have selected three of these poems of twentieth century authors dealing with the nativity of Jesus for reproduction here. Here they are:—

GATES AND DOORS : A BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS EVE

BY JOYCE KILMER.

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name !)
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

*So let the gate swing open
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred.
Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveller's feet
To you across the snow.*

There was a courteous hostler
(He is in Heaven to night !)
He held Our Lady's bridle
And helped her to alight,
He spread clean straw before her
Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
An everlasting crown.

*Unlock the door this evening
And let the gate swing wide,
Let all who ask for shelter,
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow ?
What if your house be small ?
There is a Guest is coming
Will glorify it all.*

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
How soul was full of bliss
When Jesus, on His mother's lap,
Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening
And keep no stranger out,
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be tomorrow
The cradle of a King.

THE KINGS OF THE EAST

BY KATHERINE LEE BATES

The Kings of the East are riding
Tonight to Bethlehem.
The sunset glows dividing,
The Kings of the East are riding ;
A star their journey guiding,
Gleaming with gold and gem
The Kings of the East are riding
Tonight to Bethlehem.

To a strange sweet harp of Zion
The starry host troops forth ;
The golden-glaived Orion
To a strange sweet harp of Zion
The Archer and the Lion,
The Watcher of the North ;
To a strange sweet harp of Zion
The starry host sweeps forth.

There beams above a manger
The child-face of a star ;
Amid the stars a stranger,
It beams above a manger ;
What means this ether-ranger
To pause where poor folks are ?
There beams above a manger
The child-face of a star.

HIS BIRTHDAY

BY MAY RILEY SMITH

The day the Christ-child's tender eyes
 Unveiled their beauty on the earth.
 God lit a new star in the skies
 To flash the message of his birth;
 And wise men read the glowing sign,
 And came to greet the Child divine.

Low kneeling in the stable's gloom,
 Their precious treasures they unrolled;
 The place was rich with sweet perfume;
 Upon the floor lay gifts of gold.
 And thus adoring they did bring
 To Christ the earliest offering.

I think no nimbus wreathed the head
 Of the young King so rudely throned;
 The quilt of hay beneath Him spread
 The sleepy kine beside Him owned;
 And here and in the torn thatch
 The sky thrust in a starry patch.

Oh, when was new-born monarch shrined
 Within such canopy as this?
 The birds have cradles feather lined;
 And for their new babes princesses
 Have sheets of lace without a flaw, —
His pillow was a wisp of straw!

He chose this way, it may have been,
 That those poor mothers, everywhere,
 Whose babies in the world's great inn
 Find scanty cradle-room and fare,
 As did the babe of Bethlehem,
 May find somewhat to comfort them.



To the Frontier of India

A JOURNEY of ten miles from Peshawar brought us to Jamrud, at the entrance of the historic Khyber Pass, where passports are checked. There is a market and a fort here. Some of us visited the market, where the sturdy Afghans in their picturesque dress, and guns slung over their shoulders, looked at us with curiosity.

After a short stoppage we started with an Afghan escort and entered the Pass. Two roads go across the Khyber—one for camels, horses, etc. and the other for motor traffic. The most striking feature of the Pass is the barrenness of the mountains; but their height and majesty are really impressive. A journey of another two miles brought us into the very heart of the mighty mountains, where many a brave soldier had perished while coming to conquer India,—the Eldorado of the East.

The road is very good and sufficiently broad, except in a few places where it is narrow. On one side of the road are deep khuds and on the other towering cliffs. The whole way we had continually to go up and down and take sharp turns, which was very thrilling. At certain places the turns are so sharp and dangerous that we were a little nervous, but thanks to the skill of the lorry driver nothing happened.

In some places we saw the Court of Arms of different regiments carved on the rocks, on the roadside, to commemorate soldiers, belonging to different regiments, who had died there. We could see the railway line running along the mountain side at a greater height than the road, and the numerous tunnels through which it passes. The line goes as far as Landikhana, a place about 6 miles from Landikotal and 5 miles from the border; but the train service goes only upto Landikotal.

We came across many British outposts, scattered all over the mountains, and even on highest peaks, from where soldiers keep watch. In some of these outposts we could see armed sentries standing. Every outpost has water and telephone connections. On our journey we must have come across innumerable telegraph posts. It is very interesting to observe how water-pipes and telephone wires have been carried to the highest peak, and it is easy to imagine the huge expense it has entailed.

We saw many villages of tribesmen which are different from the villages of United Provinces, Punjab and Bengal. They are surrounded by a high mud wall, with only one entrance; inside the fortification is a high tower from which they keep watch and perhaps defend their village. We also saw some caves in which the tribesmen take shelter during danger. At one place we saw a mosque down below in the valley and at another place the former residence of the late King Habibullah of Afghanistan.

The Khyber is practically devoid of agriculture. Only in three places we saw Afghans tilling small pieces of land. Even the valleys do not admit agriculture, because the soil is dry—artificial irrigation impossible.

After an hour's drive from Jamrud, we reached Landikotal, which is a big military station and also has a hospital and post office. Landikotal is a big plain and is about 3,300 ft. above sea level. It commands a good view of the mountains around. We visited the hospital and fort on our way back. Landikotal has a large number of soldiers, so there are two hockey and two football fields for their recreation. After a few minutes, halt we started again for the British border called Torkham.

The road descends from Landikotal towards the border. We learnt later that the road from Landikotal to Torkham is under British control, but the people are semi-independent. On the way we passed Landikhana, another British outpost, and in a short time reached the border, where our lorry stopped in front of a shed. Just opposite the shed is a house where the people of that outpost live, the house was shaded with trees. We were introduced to the officer-in-charge of the outpost by our Afghan escort.

We requested the officer to take us to the actual border, which is about 100 yards from the shed. He complied with our request and soon we stood there, with only an iron rod between us and Afghan territory. A barbed wire fencing about 400 yards long separate British from Afghan territory. Opposite us was an armed Afghan sentry, who came forward as soon as one of our party put his foot across the rod. This rod is lifted when any traffic has to pass. There is a big granite slab, bearing the following inscription :—

“ Frontier of India. Travellers are not permitted to pass this notice board unless they have complied with passport regulations.”

On one side of the road is a high ground, which is British territory. Some of us climbed the high ground and went a little way towards Afghanistan. We could see the road going to Afghanistan and the house of an Afghan officer.

We came back and talked to the officer who was a fine gentleman and very courteous to us. He gave many useful information. He told us that we were being watched by sentries from the nearest outpost by telescope, who would send the information to their head quarters. He said that the value of a human life, here, was only four annas and that the Afghans kill people only for fun or to test their aim. The British Government charges twelve rupees for every loaded lorry every time it enters British territory. During our stay we saw two lorries going to Peshawar loaded with grapes and other fruits. The officer brought fresh grapes from one of the lorries and gave it to us, which we enjoyed immensely.

After a pleasant stay we started on our return journey, thanking the officer for his hospitality and kindness. Thus ended a trip we had so eagerly looked forward to, and after visiting a place of great historic interest we started for Allahabad the same day. Good-bye Khyber !

SARADINDU SANYAL,

II Year, Arts.



SOUNDS CRAZY

Punctuate this and it will not sound so crazy.

A funny little man told this to me
 I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
 I went to a ball game out in the sea
 I saw a jellyfish float up in a tree
 I found some gum in a cup of tea
 I stirred my milk with big brass key
 I opened my door on my bended knee
 I beg your pardon for this said he
 But 'tis true when told as it ought to be
 'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see.

Annual Excursion, 1933

(PHYSICS STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION)

IT is with great pleasure that I give a brief general account of the annual excursion organized this year during the recent Diwali vacations.

We were contemplating to go to the western side this time but the proximity of the final practical examination forced us to conduct the excursion for a comparatively shorter period. Secondly due to the present economical crisis, it was our earnest desire that the purses of parents and guardians of those who accompany us might not be taxed heavily and so we went to Delhi, Jaipur and Agra only, staying at every place for two days. We had only five days' holidays at our disposal but as we were unavoidably detained at Agra we had to remain out a day longer and I will be failing in my duty if I forget to thank our Principal for very kindly granting leave to those who were out on the trip.

A party of 24 students and three members of the staff left for Delhi on the evening of the 17th October. The journey of a party of students is seldom uneventful. On our way to Delhi one of the bogies in which some of us were caught fire and if the next stopping station would have been a little more ahead the fire might have proved to be a destructive one. The party reached Delhi the next morning. Principal Sen of the Hindu College very kindly placed his college hall at our disposal. According to our programme that day we visited the Delhi Electric Supply and Traction Co., Ltd., the Birla Mills and the Statesman Press. The evening was spent in the parks and lawns of New Delhi, and on the second day we saw some of the places of historical importance and photographic interest. Places worth mention are —

1. Tomb of Safdarganj.
2. The Kutub.
3. The tomb of Humayun.
4. The Juma Masjid.
5. The Fort.

Our second day's programme at Delhi lost most of its charm on account of heavy and incessant rain throughout the day but it was carried out with unslackened interest.

On the night of the 19th we started for Jaipur. Some of us acquired a rather pessimistic view of the success of the excursion because the very beginning had not been good. Having passed the night in the "Toy-compartments" of the B. B. & C. I. Ry. metre gauge we reached Jaipur the following morning. I cannot help mentioning that 27 of us were quite comfortable but only one individual was greatly disgusted because the doorways of the latrines in the compartment would not allow him in and he had to pass the morning hours in a half-sleeping mood, shouting out now and then some funny remarks or the other. The party greatly missed the president of the association Prof. Sur but I on my part would congratulate him that he wisely evaded the metre gauge journey which his colleague enjoyed his most.

The weather at Jaipur was quite nice. Here we were lucky enough to get the 'Best' lodging and to our great surprise 'Free' boarding. I do not appropriate words to express our obligation to our friend Mr. C. N. Modawal and our host at Jaipur but on behalf of the members of the association I must heartily thank both of them for their kind hospitality and the 'Home Comforts' provided for us. There we saw.—

1. Ram Niwas Gardens.
2. The Zoo and the Museum.
3. Maharajah's College.
4. Old Observatory.
5. Maharajah's School of Arts and Crafts.
6. The Galta Fall.
7. The Ajmer palaces.

It was with great reluctance on the part of our Vice-President Mr. A. C. Roy that we left for Agra on the night of the 21st. Atul Baboo tried his best to put in some more time there and enjoy the easy life with all the home comforts but then the Head of the Department could not tolerate this increasing idleness on the part of one of his subordinates.

The last but one instalment of the journey—from Jaipur to Agra—was perhaps the most troublesome for all of us. On account of heavy rush of passengers from Ajmer two of our comrades lost one trunk and one bedding respectively. The owner of the trunk, I do not know whether intentionally or unintentionally boarded a female compartment at Jaipur and when he had to get down he forgot to take out his suit case. After enjoying all the pleasures of a crowded train we reached Agra in two batches by two different trains.

Agra was the last place in our programme. On the day of arrival we visited the fort and the Taj. Next morning we started for Fatehpur Sikri by motor lorry and saw it very thoroughly.

We devoted about three hours there and then left for the Upper Air Observatory where Dr. Chatterji, the Director, had very kindly arranged a demonstration for us. He spared one member of the staff and he very thoroughly explained everything about the processes of recording the velocity, direction, and humidity of the upper regions and some instruments.

In the end we visited the Dayal Bagh institute but as we were rather late we could not see the workshop which we greatly missed.

The party started back for Allahabad on the 23rd evening and reached here the next morning at four with happy and pleasant memories of the jolly period of the trip.

Concluding I wish to thank the tourists most warmly for the healthy co-operation and friendly spirit which they maintained throughout the excursion.

P. L. SAHAI,
Gen. Secy., P. S. A.

EAST WINDOW

When I arise each morning
I go to my window to pray ;
I stand by my lovely east window
To greet the newborn day.
I let the morning sunlight
Flood away my care ;
When I depart from that pure light
I leave my burdens there,
And start my day with wonder,
And know that I'll prove true.
There's magic in my east window
When the morning sun shines through.

—Alice Adell Wells in "The Christian."

Indian Architecture—its Psychology and History

“**A**RT is not a pleasure trip. It is a battle, a mill that grinds.”

Modern Architecture seems incapable of progress except in a circle. A hundred years ago the western archæologists exhausted the classical ; and the study of the Gothic Architecture was taken up with a fervour which developed into a sort of religious mania. Enthusiasts were to be found in the last generation who diverted their heedful observations towards the history of Indian Architecture. The subject is still, however, exceedingly obscure, so much so, that the amateur has felt himself free to offer the most fantastic theories on this diverse theme. Mr. Ruskin, for instance, formed the origin of the Lombardic Art in the carnivorous appetite of the Lombard.

It is a great advance in the literary output that the history method should be applied to the study of architecture ; and the theories evolved from the inner consciousness of emotional writers are being replaced by the patient study of monumentary buildings. The vices and failures of that forgotten period are buried by time ; only its finer imitations have been hereafter, maintained in the noble spaciousness of the grounds, and the tranquil dignity that still lingers round in India. It is a standing lesson of what the Arts have lost in the rush of modern fancies. The development of Architectural Art in India is of the highest interest for a sound study of the subject. It has an entire difference of adaption from the Western buildings. Mr. Fergusson, whose genius the history of the Indian art is due to, remarks, “It will undoubtedly be conceded by those who are familiar with the subject, that for certain reasons Indian buildings are unrivalled. They display an exuberance of fancy, and a lavishness of labour and an elaboration of details to be found nowhere else.” We have very poor knowledge of a landmark in Indian history—and its architecture likewise—before the invasion of Alexander the Great, in the 4th century B. C. For later periods there are fortunately a few examples dated by monumentary inscriptions, and for others by applying the scientific principles developed by Thomas Rickman ; for the discrimination of other styles and the relative ages of architectural work, we are enabled to arrange the monuments of India approximately in chronological sequence.

In the early architecture of India as in that of Burma, China, and Japan wood was mostly or almost solely employed. It was in the 3rd century B. C. that stone became largely used as the architectural material. Bricks were, however, used for engineering purposes only. The reign of Asoka the Great—a convert to Buddhism—whose rule practically extended over the whole of India except the extreme South, is the starting point of the history of Indian Art. The earliest of these were stupas, or hemispherical burial mounds enshrining the relics of the Blessed One. The stupas and pillars together with the remains of chapels and monasteries and hermitages, provide the earliest visible evidences of Indian Architecture. The stupas are monumetary structures which may be regarded as "Conventional Architectural Substitutes" for sepulchral mounds and were constructed to enshrine the relics of Buddha or of his notable disciples or sometimes even to mark the noteworthy scenes and events of his traditional life. The great stupa at Sanchi in the Bhopal State, a few miles from Bhilsa, is now the most entire of the class as it still retains the gateways which must have been a feature of all stupas though perhaps mostly in wood. The whole of the super-structure of the Sanchi examples is essentially wooden in character, and it is astonishing that it should have stood "for twenty centuries nearly uninjured."

The earlier cave temples are of about the same age as the stupas. Some of them bear inscriptions of Asoka and his successors in the second century B. C. And the earlier cave façades in western India indicate the identity of style, and connexion of the patterns from which both must have been imitated. The Buddhist rock-excavations are of two types: the Chaitya or assembly halls with vaulted roofs of considerable height. The typical Chaitya consists of a nave of side aisles terminating in an apse or semi-dome, and separated from it by pillars and containing in front of it a rock-cut stupa serving as an object of circumambulation. The façades of the assembly hall are covered with sculpture—some of them very richly—and to guard it against the inclemency of the weather, a screen was contrived and cut in the rock in front of the façade with large windows on the upper half for the entrance of light. This mode of lightening by a great arch over the entrance attracted considerable attention as being admirably adapted for its purpose. As Fergusson remarked, "nothing invented before or since is lighted so perfectly, and the disposition of the part of the interior for an assembly of the faithful.....is what the Christians reached in after times but never quite equalled." On the front of this porch—now in a very dilapidated state—there was originally a wooden music gallery, where in the words of Asoka's edict "the sound of the drums of the Dhamma was heard

instead of war-drums," announcing the great festivals or general meetings of the Sangha.

The sculpture here like that of Sanchi is remarkably robust and free from dry academic mannerisms of the Gandhara School, proving that there was an original and highly developed School of Figure—sculpture in India before the Hellenistic sculptors of the Kushan court broke the tradition which made it unlawful for an artist to represent the person of the Blessed One.

The second type of rock-excavations are known as Viharas or monasteries devoted to the residence of Buddhist monks and ascetics. They generally consisted of a hall surrounding which were a number of sleeping cubicles. On the North-West Frontiers of India are found a remarkable class of remains—much ruined though, but that must have abounded in sculptures belonging to the Buddhist cult. It is amongst these that we find the first representation of Buddha and of the characters belonging to the Buddhist pantheon. In the time of the great Gupta Dynasty from about A. D. 320 to 500 the architectural forms developed in variety and richness of decoration. To the columns were assigned higher square-bases and sometimes a sur-base. In Kashmir from the 8th century, if not earlier, till the Mohammedan conquest, we find a style of architecture possessing a certain quasi-classical element which has little, if any, connexion with the art of the rest of India. The best known specimen of the Kashmir style is the temple of Martand about three miles east of Islambagh. The trefoiled or cusped arch on the portico is a striking peculiarity of the style and may have been derived from the ichnography of the Buddhist Chaitya. It is used decoratively, however, rather constructively. The pillars and the pilasters of the portico bear a close resemblance to some of the forms of the Roman Doric, and have usually sixteen shallow flutes on the shafts with numerous members in the base and capital.

In the Himalayas the architecture is still wooden in character, raised on stone basements and is often picturesque. In the Nepal valley we see hemispherical Chaityas or stupas on low bases with lofty brick spires, and some of them are of great antiquity.

The southern portion of the vast peninsula is peopled by a race known as Dravidians, and, therefore, to their architecture we may conveniently assign the same name. The best available specimen of the Dravidian art is that of seven Pagodas or the Mamallapuram raths on the sea-shore, 35 miles south of Madras. The most renowned of it is a monolith temple at Mahabalipur. To the same age is classified the early rock-cut temples on a grand scale, of the Kailasha, at Ellora, dedicated to Siva and dating from the eighth century A. D. A monolith on an enormous

scale, it constitutes one of the wonders of the world. It is the culmination of the rock-cutting in India. The Dravidian style is distinctly wooden in origin, and on the very attenuated pilasters of the outer walls, and the square pillars are true evidences. As the contemporary northern styles are characterized by the prevalence of vertical lines, the Dravidian Architecture is also marked by horizontal mouldings and shadows, and the towers and "gopurams" are storeyed. One of the best example of the latter style is the temple at Tanjore erected in 1025 A. D. The body of this temple is of two storeys about 80 feet high, while the pyramidal tower rises to a total height of 190 feet. The design of the regular Dravidian temple is a square base ornamented externally with pilasters and containing the cell that holds the image. Over the shrine rises a pyramidal tower always divided into storeys, a division that is characteristic of Dravidian temples.

Now turning to the Indo-Aryan style. The essential part of this art are the rectangular cells containing the image or idol of god, and a curvilinear steeple with vertical ribs by which it is surrounded. A porch is generally added in front of the doorway to the cell but this is not essential. As Hindu ritual is individualistic and not congregational, the temple service does not essentially require more than a fitting shrine for the deity and a verandah or porch for the custodian of it. For the style of architecture most characteristic of the Gupta period, one must turn to the ancient capitals of Indian dynasties least affected by the storm of Mohammedan iconoclasm which began to sweep over northern India in the eleventh century and continued to rage at irregular intervals down to the reign of Aurangzeb. Bhuvaneshwar, which from an unknown time of antiquity was the capital of the kingdom of Orissa or Kalinga, is one of them. Surrounded by rocky hills in the caves of which Jain and Buddhist hermits found snug retreats, Bhuvaneshwar—"Lord of the Universe" in course of centuries acquired an odour of sanctity which at once raised its religious importance to the status of Benares and other places; a city of the Gods—encircled by the pilgrims' procession path filled with hundreds of temples.

In the centre of the group, towers the steeple of the great Linga-raj temple over hundred and eighty feet high, a masterpiece of fine masonry and craftsmanship, built of the local laterite stone perfectly jointed without mortar or cement.

The Mohammedan architecture also known as Indian Saracenic begins in India with the thirteenth century and varied much under the various dynasties—imperial and local. Under the earlier Fathan princes the style of building was massive but profusely ornamented, and of extreme beauty and grandeur in its minor details. Amongst the examples of this

style may be mentioned the Kutub Minar at Delhi, one of the finest pillars in the world. It is still 240 feet high and ornamented and adored by projecting balconies and richly carved belts in between. May it be said that even if Islam borrowed most of the constructive elements of its architecture from the building craft in India, artistic merits depend upon in which these elements were used, and in this Mohammedan art shows an originality and sense of fitness of its own. As Fergusson remarked about the early Indian Muslim architecture, "invented by the Pathans," who he says, "had strong architectural instincts..... and could hardly go wrong in any architectural project they might attempt." *

Sher Shah's tomb finely placed in the centre of an artificial lake is one of the noblest of the Indian monuments. The terrace on which it is built is 300 feet square and the dome of the sanctuary is the second largest in India, being 71 feet in diameter or 13 feet more than the tomb of Taj Mahal. The structural scheme of the tomb with its central octagonal chamber surrounded by arcaded corridors is very similar to that of the many-spired Bengali temples. Many other remarkable monuments of Afghan rule in India are found at Mandu, the former capital of the Sultanate of Malwa. Built upon a great plateau overlooking the valley of the Nerbada river, Mandu played a conspicuous part in the history of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The fine Atala Mosque at Jaunpur represents another local development of the same school, most likely based upon pre-Mohammedan craft traditions of Benares, which had been a great centre from the dawn of Indian history right down to the modern times.

But alas! I have extended my preliminaries so much so that I am forced to squeeze my further accounts. The Mohammedan Architecture is equally amusing and I wish to speak upon it some time later. Without entering into minor details permit me, gentle readers, to jump down to the architectural pieces of the great Shah Jahan's time.

Many centuries of practice within these lines had developed extraordinary technical skill without exhausting the immense fertility of invention possessed by the Indian craftsmen, when the Mohammedan conquest made a revolutionary change in their hereditary craft practice. Thousands of craftsmen were forced into the service of Islam in different parts of Asia and Europe, and put to work indiscriminately at the bidding of their masters. Thus upto the reign of Shah Jahan the Mogul court could boast of having many fine craftsmen, both Hindu and Mohammedans. The most famous of Shah Jahan's buildings owe much of their beauty to their faultless contours, the white marble with which they are faced lending itself

* History of Indian Architecture—Second Edition Vol. II, p, 238.

admirably to the efforts of the masons to achieve this purity of line. The reticence in sculptured ornamentation which orthodox Muslim sentiment also helped in the same direction, while its jewel-like enrichment adds to the Taj Mahal at Agra a peculiar feminine charm. It was erected over the grave of his beloved wife, Arjumand Banu Begum—otherwise Mumtaz Mahal, "the Elect of the Palace". The Taj, makes an audacity of the simple but imposing mass and through the exquisite deliquacy of its surface ornament. A number of contemporary accounts written in Persia give a detailed list of the craftsmen employed and consent in placing first Master (Ustad) Isa* or Muhammad Isa Effendi as the best designer and draftsman of the day. His great mosque, Jumma Masjid at Delhi is strikingly picturesque when its tall minarets and imposing gateways and domes are silhouetted against a sunset sky. His Dewan-i-Khas or Hall of the Private Audience, and Dewan i-Am of the Public Audience are also remarkably beautiful because of their uncommon dazzling lustre and lavishness of labour.

Summing and recapitulating the whole, we may say that the development of Indian Architecture has been in some respects steadier and in some ways erratic than that of the Sister Art. The change in the modes of Indian Architecture has often been deplored. It has been urged that it was the beginning of a divorce between civilization and architecture that has been fatal to both of them.

For such a change was inevitable. Architecture cannot be separated from the general progress of civilization. The master-mason is not qualified to maintain his place among the sharper wits, so he has to fall back to the position of the executant of the designs of men of wider training and erudition.

G. R. SOLAPURKER,
1 Year, Science.

* E. B. Havell's "A Handbook of Indian Arts.", p. 138.



The Modern Woman

(1)

YOU may say she was a rebel—or, at least on the road of rebellion, against the existing and acknowledged !

From the very cradle she had shewn herself to be an individual of character. Even as a little girl she knew what she wanted and formed her own opinions, quite independently of those of others.

In a certain way, she was a good looking child, but it must be confessed, that she was of a stamp totally different from that of others of her age ! Her eyes were not restless and prominent nor were they dark and plaintive, but large, grey and steady, with long curved lashes. They were fine ; but her only beauty was her smile. The brow above them was almost too pronounced for that of a woman ; the mouth was a little too large and the nose somewhat irregular. Her hair too, though long and thick, was straight and rather light-coloured. For the rest she was well grown and vigorous, with a full strong voice ; and as she approached maturity, she developed a fine figure !

A pretty woman, indeed ! But she was too critical of men to submit to their fascination !!

(2)

There was a small incident, when she was not more than twelve, she had her first trouble with her brother-in-law ! Something had gone wrong with one of his business-speculations and he vented it upon his wife ! She was there with her sister. So cruelly did he speak to her, on the matter, for which she was not the least to blame, that the poor woman at last rose and left the room to hide her tears. She, however, remained behind and walking up to him, with her usual dauntless gait, asked him why he treated her sister thus.

"Mind your own business, you impertinent....." he answered.

"Sissie is my business and you are a brute" she interruptingly exclaimed, clenching her little fists ! He lifted his hand as though to strike her, then changed his mind and went away ! She had conquered !

But next, when her sister scolded her, in her own gentle fashion, for her wicked words, she, heedless towards defending herself, asked, "Were not his words to you wicked also, sister? It was not your fault if some of his projects in the market didn't turn true! Ought you to be sworn at for that?"

"No, dear, but you see, he is my husband and husbands can say what they wish to their wives."

"Then I will never have a husband" announced she with a firm decision!

And there the matter ended! or, rather it didn't; it gave her some matter to reflect upon the "infictions" of men upon women. "What right has a person to scold and mistreat another just because one is a man and another a woman" she argued, she tried to understand! She advanced the first step towards, what they call, Radicalism, and turned into a determined enemy of man—hater of all men!

* * * * *

And as she grew, so grew her resolve! She was more or less of a freethinker. Her interests were varied. She reflected upon matrimony too. She would ponder for hours and hours, and at the end, when she would wake up from her thoughts, she would heave a deep sigh of disgust! She was at a loss to realize the necessity of marriage!!

She avoided all men. She experienced their impoliteness at every step and her indignation increased: The blood revolted in her veins! She turned into a preacher. With each of her friends—why were indeed but few, she would discuss over men's negligence and vulgarity—as she would call it. Each would she warn against the clutches of men and in each would she struggle to arouse rebellious feelings against them! She seemed to be possessed of relentless energy.

Anyway, it was but success! Whensoever she would hear that some neighbouring girl was going to enter into matrimony, she would at once rush to her and showers of sermon would then fall over the stooped head of the girl. "Cosette, why are you going to surrender yourself. You are in love? Eh, you are experiencing that foolish intoxication of the heart, which they call love—The deceptive love, which is a tool in the hands of men for enslaving poor girls! Cosette, think; in order to love—in order to relish the momentary intoxication, you are going to blind yourself—surrender yourself absolutely! You do not realize, that in love—in that cursed process of slave manufacturing, you have to adore the weakness, as well as the beauty, which, I tell you, dissipates away into the thin air.

as soon as you once become his—the beloved object. Then, you are supposed to see nothing, reason nothing, understand nothing. You have to renounce all judgment, all reflection, all perspicacity! Are you prepared for such blindness; are you willing to be put to this unreasoning subjugation? Why not love women—your own sisters?

“Probably you again think they are just men! Eh, I assure you they are whitened sepulchres—as false as the sea! I have seen with my own eyes the little consideration and good manners they have!!” And then she would narrate of the rude behaviour of her brother-in-law. With fresher energy, she would resume, “Just imagine, in a train, a gentleman, who, thanks to his tailor, looked well, as I thought at the first sight, carefully took off his boots in order to put on a pair of old shoes! And all this in face of me! Another—an old man, who was probably some wealthy upstart, while sitting opposite to me, placed his two feet on the seat quite close to me, who was quite independent of him—unknown to him,” and a score more. Her experiences in a hotel—in the fancy ball and where not?

Cosette was rather a young girl. She kept sitting. Perfectly still—probably musing of him and dreaming of her honeymoon.

That finished, she would rise up, “I think, I have given you enough and I hope you will think before your leap.” She would leave her! The terrified girl would then rise and heave a relieving sigh. Every girl in the neighbourhood was afraid of her. They avoided her as long as they could. They would hide themselves behind the doors if they saw she was passing! She was thought to be something unworldly!

(3)

The taxi-driver thinking it to be his lawful right, to turn to left, banked the steer with rash force and with a terrible jump the light car bumped against a heavy lorry and was squirmed turtle-flat!

They burst into a zeal of laughter! Air rang with it!! They were some college girls. His attention was also drawn. Pushing them aside with both his arms, he ran to her, lifted her from the ground, where she still lay terror-stricken, and pulled a kerchief from his pocket to wipe away the dirt.....she hesitated, she could scarcely raise her eyes—they were seeking the earth—his feet? “He was a strong man!”

“Are you much hurt” rang a voice in her ears, which she felt was pleasing! She tried to speak but could not! She struggled, and slowly, with a peculiar accent—quite uncommon to her, cleaning her clothes, began, “I don’t know how to . . .” and before she could thank, there was a cry—

the girls were waiting for him . . . and with a look, he left her !! She tried to re-start ! Her feet were heavy. She walked a few steps, her heart beat; she paused ; and with strange traces of quiet emotions, she watched him go with them !! For the first time was seen a tear stand in her eye and she stood there staring vacantly in the direction he had gone, and it was rather late when she realized that he was gone !! She stretched her eyes wide to see "something". A long, straight and deserted road lay before her, she turned, and with slow but steady steps began to walk back to her lodge !!!

She had heard of another friend rushing into love.....
Of course, she didn't love !!

R. SINHA.

II year Science.



I want to go along the road that leads to bigger things ;
I want to walk with springing feet, while all my soul just sings ;
I want to see new vistas, new heavens, and new earth.
I want to be forever glad for life's sweet gift of birth.
I want to keep a heart that's clean, a fancy undefiled ;
I want to be, far as I may, just like a little child ;
I want to love the passing hour and day, and dreamy night ;
I want to feel the sting of wrong the beauty of the right.
I want to love my neighbors, and the old earth's pulsing sod,
And then.....I want to go ahead, and just make friends with God

—Jean O'Brien in "Nautilus."

An Appreciation of Wordsworth

"Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force,
But where shall Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power."

—Matthew Arnold.

WORDSWORTH was surpassingly great within that sphere, which he has made peculiarly his own. He is as truly the poet of the mysterious world called nature, as Shakspeare is the poet of the human life.

Wordsworth can be enjoyed not by those who want quick results, immediate thrills and tunes which they can easily remember, but by those who are patient enough and who can read his poems broodingly with the pursuit of knowledge, with some aim in hand and with that great ideal who wrote these charms, in view.

"Those who can follow him in his deep researches in the dim recesses of German charcoal burners, will feel the benigning influence of his sister. They will be rewarded by that instinct, that gift of rare poetic powers." Those who have not the understanding to follow him, those who have not the heart that "watches and receives", who cannot induce a "happy stillness of the mind" that Wordsworth valued, those who are engrossed in the empty materialism of the modern world as Wordsworth has put,

"The world is too much with us,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boom !"

will find him dull and void. To Wordsworth the path of escape from the material world lay through communion with nature.

He teaches us that if we surrender ourselves passively to the influence of nature, she will communicate her active influence to us, and we shall reach the fulfilment of our destiny by this method. He is never tired of his message that nature and the deep joy in nature, are and should be the great formative influences in the life of man.

They can find there no love (in the proper sense of the word). We look in vain for "the glory of words," "the sensuous beauty of phrase,"

Keats' possessions, there will be none of Shelley's glowing yet delicate sense of tenderness and colour. We are disappointed if we look for that Miltonic style. He does not wonder like Keats and Shelley in the kingdom of romance. To him romance is nature and nature is romance. To him a faery is a gift of nature probably some divine flower sent by God to him for his personal enjoyment and pleasure. He has nothing to say about "roots of relish sweet" and "honey wild and manna dew."

He teaches us the mysterious key by which we can enter into the world of nature and find in it the very temple of God, in which and through which he will draw close to him.

Wordsworth's poetry has indeed been admired for its wisdom and truth for its spotless purity as Tennyson says of the Laureate wreath which he wears, that it is,

"Greener from the brows
Of him who uttered nothing base"
The cuckoo is to the Poet
"No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery."

Wordsworth with his worldwide fame ranks among the first class poets. He has added a permanent element to the world's thought.

If Shakespeare will live by his richness and wide compass, Keats by beauty, Byron by his unpassioned and eloquent energy, Milton by his sublimity, Wordsworth will live by his "Direct appeal to will and conduct."

R. D. BHATNAGAR,
II Year, Arts.



WHAT IS SUCCESS ?

WHAT is success ? It is achievement. How do we measure it ? By the benefits that it confers. Wealth is not necessarily the measure of it, for man may be successful and never be rich, or he may be rich and fail of success. True success is measured not by money but by service.....and health, character, education, and industry are the foundation stones upon which it rises. "

Religion

RELIGION is not of recent growth, nor has it come into existence only with the progress of civilization. It has existed in some form or other from the very beginning. Even in the hoary past, when the world was covered in a dark veil of superstition and savagery, man practised some sort of religion. The sudden breaking out of fires in the jungle, the tempestuous rising and falling of the raging waves of the sea, the terrible hissing and fatal assaults of snakes, the roaring of hungry lions, deluging downpours of rains, all inspired the primitive man with awe, and thus called forth the fervent prayer and worship of the savage heart. In the fragrant charms of flowers and in the ugliness of night, in the bitterness of cold and in the cruelty of heat, in the howling of winds and in the calmness of weather, everywhere he perceived gods and goddesses. Though at that time there was not much refinement, man was not without religion. He was unconsciously religious—away from God but remote from atheism.

As man advanced in civilization his knowledge increased, and with the expansion of his knowledge, heavenly light dawned on him. Man came to realize the existence of God—the Supreme Being who is omnipotent omniscient and omnipresent, the Creator and Ruler of all. Our daily, lives, both material and spiritual, are largely regulated according to the dictates of our religion; and truly religion is the only boat in which we can cross the turbulent sea of life.

Religion has been variously defined. The dictionary defines it as belief in the existence of God and man's dependence upon Him; the form and words by which this belief is expressed, and agreement of life and action with duty towards God. It has also been called the path that leads to God. "Religion is the supernatural explanation of the Universe." Some people define it as "the opiate of the people." Some even maintain that religion is nothing but "a hazy belief in the hereafter." Some hot-headed youths have condemned religion. A leading lawyer defined it as "a set of dogmas, some of them reasonable, most of them irrational, propounded by the hierarchy of priests to ensure their own aggrandisement and the enslavement of human intellect." "Religion is a galling yoke on the neck of suffering humanity." "Religion is a disguise for exploitation." "It is a cloak of hypocrisy."

Religion has manifested itself in the world in various names and forms. This is why we see so many religions in the world. There are Christianity, Buddhism, Jainism, Mohammedanism, Hinduism and so forth. Each of these claims to be a true religion, and all have elements of truth in them. They are like the numerous radii of a circle, all coming from different directions, but converging into the one centre. Religion must aim at the perfection of man—at leading him up to God. A true religion stands for broad-mindedness, toleration and truth, and not for narrow-mindedness, bigotry and hypocrisy; of the former the more we have the merrier, of the latter the less we have the better. There is not really any gulf between one religion and another. A true Hindu is an unconscious Mohammedan, and a true Mohammedan an unconscious Christian and vice versa; and if through our ignorance we see any difference, then it is not the fault of religion. To measure the depth of a man's goodness we have to go deep into the secret chambers of his heart, since outward appearances are ever deceptive and misleading. The aim of religion is to elevate our character and bring within our reach all that is ennobling, good, righteous and ultimately godly.

The man of religion cuts off his relations with the world and roams in that terrestrial paradise where all is happiness and bliss—where the joys of unrestricted freedom abound. He may suffer privation here, but he is promised peculiar rewards in the world to come.

Religion is the bread of life. It can sustain life even in the midst of miseries and troubles. The worldly man wants food, clothing and shelter to keep body and soul together. But the man "who has cast all his cares on God—that anchor holds," does not very much worry about the material necessities of life. Angels from heaven descend to bring spiritual food to keep him a "living soul".

Though the world may desert him, a virtuous man is never forsaken by God. In the utter despair of life, religion is a ray of hope; when we are drowning in the sea of miseries, it is like a life-buoy. It brings consolation to the poor, and continuance of bliss to the rich.

Religion marks man off from the brute. In the words of Tennyson—

For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hand of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends.

It is religion that raises man in the scale of creation. As rational beings we must show our gratitude to the kind God who has showered so many favours and blessings on mankind.

Let us all join in the chorus when the poet sings,

"It is religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live.
It is religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die ;
After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity ;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

MAHENDRA BEHARI LAL,
II Year Arts.

RUTS

THE world is full o' ruts, my boy,
Some shaller and some deep :
An' every rut is full of folks as
High as they can heap.
Each one that's growlin' in the
ditch
Is growlin' at his fate,
An' wishin' he had got his chance
Before it was too late.
They lay it ail on someone else, or
Say' twas just their luck—
They never o n c e consider that
'twas
Caused by lack o' pluck,
But here's the word o' one that's
lived
Clean throug, from s o u p to
nuts ; .
The Lord don't send no derricks
round
T' hist folks out o' ruts.

—Anon.

Kipling : A study

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgement Seat,
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed nor Birth
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the
earth !

—*The Ballad of East and West.*

RUDYARD KIPLING was born at Bombay in 1865. His father John Lockwood Kipling, the son of a Wesleyan preacher was an architect who had served his apprenticeship in Staffordshire potteries, and further been engaged in the decoration of South Kensington Museum. During the American War, the years immediately following, the trade of Bombay highly prospered. The Government and the people being happy, a need was felt for artists to improve and rebuild certain portions of the town and Lockwood Kipling was appointed as professor of Architectural sculpture in the British School of Art, Bombay.

Thus, it was in this cosmopolitan city of Bombay, that Kipling spent his first three years—a time when a child receives his early ineffable impressions that shape his future conceptions and in which the heart of a child like Kiplings possessing a sensitive nature and an active disposition lies exposed to the myriad influences that colour his imagination. He was eager and interested in all the aspects of life in a city like Bombay, where “gleaning from all races from all lands” presents a diversified and picturesque varieties of human condition.

His parents took him to England in 1871 and again came back in 1878 when the boy was set at his letters at the School of Westward Ho at Bedford in Devon. His extraordinary talents won him immense reputation. He became the editor of, and contributor to the local Bideford Journal. He also ventured to send a copy of his verses for the London Journal. It was at this time, that his parents got some of his verses secretly printed under the title of “Schoolboy Lyrics”—the first production of the genius. In 1882 after leaving school, he secured a position in “Civil and Military Gazette,” Lahore, organized by the managers and owners of the “Allahabad Pioneer”. He was called the “clever pup” by the Chief Editor who gave him a free hand in the contribution to the paper but at the same time he exacted full labour of the newspaper office.

In 1887, after a successful five years' work at Lahore, he was included in the editorial staff of "Allahabad Pioneer". Here he lived with Dr. Hill, a professor of Science attached to Muir College. His early career was mostly spent at Allahabad and Lahore during which time he obtained an intimate knowledge of India, her customs and traditions. After saying so much about his parentage and early attainments let me confine my attention to estimate the real worth of his verses.

Kipling, appeared on the literary horizon, when Tennyson had become a mere legend and Browningism was fast developing into a creed. Fitzgerald had begun enchanting the world with the miraculous touch of his sweet, half-melancholy verses of his famous translation of the "Rubayyat of Omar Khayam" known for its pessimism and cult of pleasure. They were followed by William Morris, Swinburn Meredith, Oscar Wilde and lastly the grave figure of Thomas Hardy, complaining of the bitterness and cruelties of the world.

During all these stages of poetry, Kipling has been a solitary star in the literary firmament, singing in a sweet, melodious but half melancholy voice, the Creator's glory and at times reaching the zenith of poetic heights but without any recognition. Due to so many luminaries he could not be distinguished as a brilliant star and he glimmered faintly but steadily. Really speaking, he does not belong to the generation he really belongs and thus he has been handicapped of the due reward of his hard labours.

His poems are classified under three heads—(1) Those dealing with Anglo-India, (2) Relating to services, (3) On general themes—the subjects that need no imagination, no thought and hence there is no feeling, no passion, no emotion in Kipling's verses. They are dry and void of interest. But there is room for pathos, for tears in his verses which will not be tinted with various hues like those of Wordsworth, Shelley or Byron, there will be no sensuous love of natural beauty like Keats' poems. There will be no echoing of Milton's heroic chords or the melting romance of Spenser. Kipling deals with the familiar matter of earthly life—its wonders and mysteries, in a practical, business-like manner. In his verses there is much scope for observation than for imagination. To quote the words of Ralph Durand, Kipling has made—

"Extended observation of the ways and works of man and
From the Four-mile Radius roughly to the plain of Hindustan."

But there is one defect in his verses, that they abound in precise technicalities, slang expressions, incomplete quotations, haphazard punctuation, a bragging manner, all of which have brought about the charge of "Jingoism" against Kipling—the fact which prevents him to rank with the precious artists. Towards the close of Victorianism, he was regarded as a rude rhymers. He has suffered heavily for his mannerism. But we should

admit one thing that just as Milton was the master of "sonnets" that led Wordsworth to say—

"In his hand the thing became a trumpet
Whence he blew soul-animating strains."

So is Kipling in the realm of "ballad" for which he has been conferred upon the title of the "Apollo of the Banjo".

The Victorian age was a period of material and economic prosperity, middle class rule and Tory democracy. Providence smiled on the English nation. It was also a period of great awakening—when Tennyson's verses echoed in the domain of literature, Gladstone and Disraeli were the shooting stars of political sky and Ruskin and Carlyle dreamt in the philosophic world. Kipling passed through all these stages without being effected. He was the master of his own style, and stuck to it. He refused to go beyond the present—the expression which is beautifully put in the following two lines of the "Rubayyat of Omar Khayam", running thus—

Unborn Tomorrow and Dead Yesterday
Why fret about them if Tod y be sweet ?

Kipling is very popular in the army. He has been called the soldier's poet. He speaks in a language that is familiar to them and describes things and their feelings just as they would do if they had that gift of expression. He wrote most of his ballads in "Barracks" known as the "Barrack Room Ballads" in a prelude to which he addresses Thomas Atkins, generally known as Tommy—a dearest and nearest friend of his in the "Barracks", in the following lines:—

I have made for you a song,
And it may do you right or wrong, etc.

In the following, Kipling expresses the spirit of labouring classes who toil and moil, sweat and die, going from one peril to another with a smile, to earn their livelihood. This spirit has neither been better expressed by Shelly, the poet of "Revolutionary Idealism" nor Keats the sensual love of natural beauty, as by Kipling in a simple and clear style—a plain statement—

"We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town ;
We yearned beyond the sky line where the strange roads go down.
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.
As the deer breaks—as the steer breaks—from the herd where they graze
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.
On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern scrap we lay,
That my sons might follow after by the bones on the way.
Follow after—follow after ! We have watered, the root,
And the blood has come to blossom that ripens for fruit !
Follow after—we are waiting, by the trails that we lost,
For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.
Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is sown :
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own."

[The song of the Dead.]

How he addresses Gunga Din, a regimental waterman—a poor, honest and humble creature, in a somewhat humorous way—

“ You limp in’ lump o’ brick-dust, Gunga Din,

‘ Hi ! slippery hitherao ’ !

‘ Water, get it ’ Pancee lao !

You squidgy-nosed, old idiot Gunga Din

And then appreciates him with the following last lines :—

Though I’ve betted you and flayed you,

By livin’ Gawd that made you

You’re a better man than I am Gunga Din ! ”

[Barrack Room Ballads.]

In another place, in “ Salt a lever that I dare not, etc. from the “ Rupayat of Omar Kalv’n ” how beautifully he puts the fact that as the major part of India consists of agriculturists who live on what they grow, thus needing but little use of currency, there is no means of taxing except by “ salt ” which has become the Government monopoly.

Or, take the text of the following song of Kabir, the famous mystic weaver-poet of India :—

“ Oh, light was the world that he weighed in his hands !

Oh, heavy the tale of his fiefs and his lands !

He has gone from the guddee and put on the shroud

And departed in guise of a bairagi avowed,

Now the white road to Delhi is mat for his feet

The Sal and the Kikar must guard him from heat.

His home is camp, and the waste and the crowd—

He is seeking the way, as a bairagi avowed !

He has looked on man, and his eyeballs are clear—

(There was One ; there is One, and but One, saith Kabir) ;

The Red Mist of Doing has thinned to a cloud—

He has taken the path for a bairagi avowed !

These examples show, how deeply, Kipling has entered into the heart of Indian life in all its phases. Kipling speaks in a language of common men, as there speaks a voice in him “ My speech is clean and single, I talk of common things.” There is a concealment of fine art under the apparent roughness and there runs a current of pathos under the boisterous noise and loud clang of his words which sound true, though disguised in the garb of triviality. Kipling is more an Indian than an Englishman since he was born in India and spent his early years on her soil. Unlike other poets, he is quite “ at home ” with Hindu tradition and mind. There beats a full blooded and vigorous life through his pages. His discovery of India is one of the salient facts of modern English literature. And as such he is deserving of more respect, more reverence from our side, and to some extent we are justified in saying that Rudyard Kipling is an Indian poet.

EKHLAQ AHMAD,
11 Year, Arts,

How much do you know?

Q. 1.—What is the national flower of India?

A.—Lotus.

Q. 2.—Which is the largest diamond in the world?

A.—Cullinan diamond which was discovered in the Premier diamond mine, near Pretoria, South Africa, in January 1905 and in 1907 was presented to the King in commemoration of the granting of self-government to the Transvaal, weighs 3030 carats and is the largest in the world. It is valued at fifteen million sterling.

Q. 3.—What is the weight of koh-i-noor?

A.—It weighed 900 carats when uncut but due to bad cutting it now weighs only 103 carats.

Q. 4.—What is the record speed of the aeroplanes.

A.—The Schnieder Shield was won by Ft. Lieut. Stainforth for flying at the record speed 407'5 miles per hour.

Q. 5.—What are the record speeds of the motor cars, motor boats, motor cycles and railway trains?

A.—The record speeds of the above things are 272, 124'9, 151'9 and 105 miles per hour respectively.

Q. 6.—When did R.101 disaster occur?

A.—R-101 was destroyed in France on its first flight to India on the first of October, 1930. Forty-eight lives lost.

Q. 7.—Which are the longest tunnels in the world?

A.—Simplon, Swiss-Italian Frontier is the longest—12 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Then come the St. Gothard, Swiss-Italian Frontier—9 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles and Lotschberg, Switzerland—9 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Q. 8.—How many are the elements of the Solar system? Name them.

A.—Ten—Sun, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto.

Q. 9.—How did the phrase "To pass the Rubicon" come into existence?

A.—The Rubicon was a small river separating Ancient Italy from the province of Gaul, which was under the jurisdiction of Julius Cæsar. When Cæsar crossed, or passed, the Rubicon in 49 B.C., he had taken the first step towards the invasion of Italy hence the phrase means to take the initial steps towards the completion of a difficult task, from which there is no drawing back.

Q. 10.—Who was the secretary of the World Economic Conference?

A.—M. Avenol.

Q. 11.—Which authors adopted the nom de plumes Mark Twain, George Eliot, Waverly, Boz and Q.?

A.—They are Samuel L. Clemens, Mrs. Cross, Sir Walter Scott, Charles

Dickens and A. T. Quiller-Couch, respectively.

Q. 12.—What is the Sphinx and what is "The Riddle of the Sphinx" ?

A.—The Sphinx was a monster who proposed a riddle to the people of Thebes, a town in Greece, murdering all those who could not guess it. Oedipus solved it, so the Sphinx put herself to death. The riddle was :

What goes on four feet in the morning, two feet in the afternoon, and three feet at night ?

Answer :—Man ; because he crawls when a child, walks when in his full strength and with a stick as an old man !

Q. 13.—For what do the letters *£. s. d.* stand ?

A.—The letters *£. s. d.* are signs used instead of the Latin words *Libroe. Solidi, Denarii* (pounds, shillings, pence).

Q. 14.—What is 22 'carat' gold ?

A.—The mall gold is too soft in itself to serve any useful purpose without being mixed with a harder metal. The standard gold coin consists of 22 parts of pure gold and 2 of copper alloy; Carat is derived from carob the seeds of the Abyssinian locust-tree (Latin *Cretonia*) which were used in early times in the weighing of gold.

Q. 15.—Who was the captain of Olympic team representing India last year ?

A.—Lal Shah.

Q. 16.—Name the three generals who were never defeated ?

A.—Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great and Lord Wellington.

Q. 17.—Who was the greatest linguist the world ever produced ?

A.—Cardinal Givseppe Caspar Mezzofanti, who was born at Bologna, Italy, in 1775, and died at Rome in 1849. He could speak one hundred and fourteen languages and dialects.

Q. 18.—Who was the tallest man who ever lived ?

A.—It is reported that in the time of Augustus there were to be seen in the Morti Sallustiani at Rome the body of a giant, Posio, and a giantess, Secundilla, each 10 feet 2 inches in height. J. Moddleton, or the child of Hale, born in 1578, attained the height of 9 feet 3 inches.

Q. 19.—What is Escorial ?

A.—The Escorial is the largest building in Spain. Composed of a monastery, church, college, tomb and palace, it is built on a height of 2,700 feet above the see level, about 27 miles north-west of Madrid. It was built between 1563 and 1884 by Philip II and the bodies of all the Spanish kings since Charles V are buried there with the exceptions of Philip V and Ferdinand VI.

Q. 20.—If a man stands at the engine of a train travelling 60 miles an hour, and shoots a gun whose bullet has a velocity of 60 miles an hour, toward a man standing at the caboose end, will the bullet hit its mark?

A.—The bullet will merely fall to the ground on leaving the gun barrel. While the train is travelling at 60 miles per hour, the gun, the bullet and everything else connected with the train is travelling in the same direction, when the gun is fired toward the rear, the bullet has an impulse backward or against the motion of the train, sufficient to counter-balance its forward momentum with the train.

Q. 21.—What is the height of the highest tower in the world.

A.—The Eiffel tower in Paris is 1,000 feet high.

Q. 22.—What was the first book printed in English?

A.—The first book printed in the English language was the work of William Caxton, who in 1474 issued the Recuyell of Historyes of Troy, a translation of Raoul de Fevre's work.

Q. 23.—What is Esperanto?

A.—It is a language which was meant to be international. It received its name from the Russian physician Dr. Zamenhof. He first published a treatise on the subject in 1887, signing it Dr. Esperanto, meaning hopeful.

Q. 24.—How it happened that once, when people went to bed on September 2nd awoke on September 14th.

A.—The calendar arranged by Julius Cæsar by not making sufficient allowance for leap year had caused the English date to become eleven days behind the right time. Therefore by adopting the Gregorian Calendar on September 2nd, 1752, the eleven days following it were omitted, so that the next day was reckoned as September 14th.

Q. 25.—What is Saccharin?

A.—It is an imide-orthosulphobenzoic acid, a coal-tar product, and is 500 times as sweet as cane sugar. It is not used as a substitute for sugar, but simply as a sweetening agent when sugar is forbidden, as in certain diseases, or when there is a shortage, as for instance, in war-time. It has no value as a food.

GURDIAL SINGH BERAR,

11 Year Science.

National Student Conference in Allahabad

(CHRISTMAS, 1933)

IN connection with the work of the Student Christian Movement of India, Burma and Ceylon a National Conference will be held during Christmas week on the premises of the Ewing Christian College. This Conference held once in four years. The last one was held in the vicinity of Madras and was attended by some 500 delegates with about sixty additional visitors who had come from various parts of the world to attend a World Conference of the same Movement in Mysore where they were guests of His Highness the Maharaja. This year we also hope that approximately 450 will attend the Conference.

A word about the Movement itself. The chief basis is to enlist students who desire to live in conformity with the teachings of Jesus Christ and who seek to have His spirit in all their affairs. Students regardless of the fact whether they are baptized or not can become members of the Movement if they are willing to give their loyalty to Jesus Christ. The Movement seeks to help individual students in dedicating their lives to spiritual ends and also gives its alliance to all influences that aim at a society that will be built after the principles of Jesus Christ. Through local activities such as corporate worship, discussion groups, social service and retreats it helps students in their religious life. Once a year in each province it holds a camp which is attended by students studying in the colleges of a province and then once in four years it holds a National Conference. Through literature, publishing of a periodical and the visits of travelling secretaries the work of the Movement is advanced and strengthened. It has a budget of Rs. 16,000, out of which students themselves raise about Rs. 4,500 and the rest is raised in the country through the efforts of the staff. The Movement is a unit in a world-wide family. Almost all of the chief countries of the world have similar national movements and all together are known as the World's Student Christian Federation with the world office in Geneva.

At the coming Conference in Allahabad men and women students will come from Burma, Ceylon, Travancore, Madras Presidency, Western India, the Punjab, Bengal, Central India and the United Provinces itself.

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It will be a beautiful sight to see these students dotting the campus of the College in their picturesque costumes.

The women students will be accommodated in the Philadelphia, Princeton and 1903 Hostels. Men students will be accommodated in Turner and Jamna School hostels and also in the Jamna School itself.

It is a Conference which is *only* open to delegates and a few others helping in the arrangements, as the purpose of the Conference is to send a distinct message to the whole of the country through those who will come. It is not a public assembly, otherwise the aim and purpose of the Conference will be defeated.

The theme of the Conference is "The Challenge of Christ to our Generation and the motto is 'Bold for Christ's Sake.'"

In the morning after a period of corporate worship delegates will join four Bible study groups in which the following subjects will be studied :—

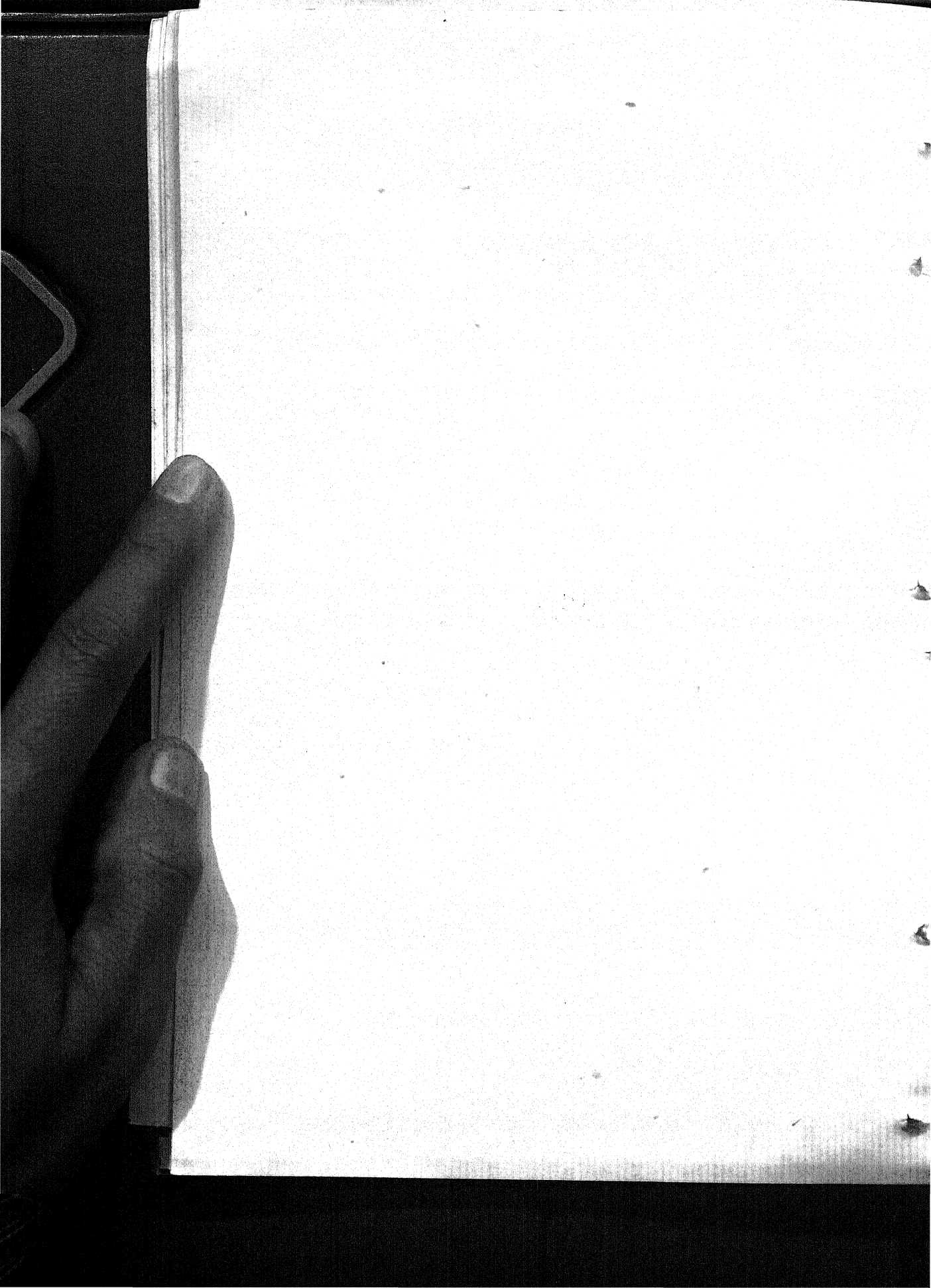
"Why should I study the Bible at all?" "What do I mean by Salvation?" "Why so much of suffering in the world?" and "Why should I love the Church?"

After the Bible Study we shall meet in the main auditorium where calls to Christian Service will be presented.

Then will follow lunch and a period of rest. At about three we shall meet together in small discussion groups to take up the following problems :—The present economic conditions and unemployment; Personal and social hygiene; Christianity and other faiths and nationalism and internationalism. Then will follow sports and entertainments in the Hall. After dinner the closing meeting of the day will be held in the main hall and the theme will be Christ and His Personality. Why should I love Him?

On the 23rd the opening meeting will be a civic reception, on Christmas Eve the Lushai Choir will be present with us at a Christmas Carol Service. On the 26th a Federation Meeting will be held. On the same night the College Staff will give a play called the "Proconsul". The Conference will end on 30th December in the morning after which students from the South, Burma and Ceylon will go on excursions to Lucknow, Delhi and Agra. The Conference will also be attended by special delegations from Britain, Java, Australia and possibly Straits Settlement. The General Secretary of the Federation and his wife will also be present.

اورنگو



نغمۂ الست

کروں کھا حمد تیوی یا الہی * ہے تیری شان خود تیوی گواہی
منور خانہ ہستی ہے تجھ سے * بلندی بھی ہے اور پستی ہے تجھ سے
عجب کچھ تیری قدرت ہے ہویدا * سمندر آگ سے ہوتا ہے پیدا
شجر میں شاخ گل ہے ہو گلوں میں * ترانہ سنجیاں ہیں بلبلوں میں
صدف میں در گہر میں آب ہے تو * مہ و خور میں چمک تو ناب ہے تو
تجلی تیری ہے نوراً علی نور * ضیا پھیلی تھی جسکی بوسر طور
ترا جلوہ ہے آنکھوں میں سنایا * نظر کے سامنے لیکن کم آیا
رمائی عقل نے اتنی نہ پائی * نہ سمجھا کوئی بھی راز خدائی
یہی ہے پیش و پس ماتھر کو دن رات
ہو چھوٹے منہ سے کیونکر یہہ بڑی بات

خاکسار

وشوناتھ سہائے ماتھر متعلم — سکنت ایر آرٹس

نغمۂ شیریں

[از جلال غلام اکبر صاحب اکبر تلمیذ ابوالہیجان حضرت مولانا
میتن مچھلی شہری یادگار نصیح الملک داغ دہلوی]

نسیم صبح رقصان از در جانانہ می آید
شہ خوبان ز خلوت گاہ خود مستانہ می آید
روان مے کشان ہر دم حیات نازہ می آید
نکارم با اسبو و ساغر و خم خانہ می آید
بہ ظاہر گرچہ بے کھنم بیاطن مست سر شام
بہ یمن ہست ساقی مئی و پیمانہ می آید
نہان خاکے بماند حال دل در یاد گر سوژد
مخلوت گرچہ سوژد شمع ہم پروانہ می آید
حواس و ہوش و صبر و عقل می گرد دفار از من
شہ من چوں برائے صید دل تو گاہ می آید
بدۂ جان در طلب تازندگی جاودان یا بی
بفہم عاتلان این نکتہ گو بیگانہ می آید
غلام شاہ حہم کو طفیل پاک او ہر دم
بجاء و مرتبت دو کلبہ ام جانا نہ می آید

ملتّن کی نظم

” اپنے بے بصارتی “ کا ترجمہ
(لالت بہار لعل سنگت ایر سائنس)

جس وقت مجھ سے کہتا ہے میرا خیال خام
گذری نہیں ہے مٹری ابھی نصف زندگی
اور دھر میں کہ وسعت تاریک ہے تمام
کس طرح کہو چکا ہوں میں آنکھوں کی روشنی
اور وہ ہنر کہ جن کا چھپانا ہی موت ہے
بے کار مچرے ساتھ ہے موجود اس گھڑی
حالانکہ دل کے جام میں اس وقت ہے وہ مے
ہو جس سے کارساز حقیقی کی بندگی
اعمال میرے پیش ہوں جب اس کے سامنے
نازل نہ ہو عتاب کہیں میری ذات پر
میں پوچھتا ہوں سب سے بتاؤ کوئی مجھے
مرضی ہے اس کی کام ہو بے روشنی مگر
لیکن کہا یہ صبر نے لے اب خصوص ہو
نادان ! باب شہوہ بیجا کو بند کر
حاجت نہیں ہے کام کی اُس بے نیاز کو
اور اپنی بخششوں پہ بھی رہتی نہیں نظر
توجہ طاعتوں میں اُنہیں کو یہاں ملی
حامل جو اس کے بار سبک کے رہے درام
ورنہ خدا تو رکھتا ہے شان شہنشاہی
اور اس کی بارگاہ میں ہیں سینکڑوں غلام
جو اُس کا حکم پاتے ہی ہوتے ہیں گامزن
آرام بر و بھر میں کرتے نہیں کہیں
خادم ہیں اس کے وہ بھی سنا توئے جان میں
جو انتظار میں رہے استاد بر قریں

”ایک متحرک گلاب کو دیکھکر“

تھندی تھندی تھی ہوا اور شام کا ہنگام تھا
 دل میں اُن کی یاد تھی اور لب پہ اُن کا نام تھا
 میں جو تھا بیٹھا ہوا مصروف یاد یار میں
 دیکھتا تھا اُن کا جلوہ ہو در و دیوار میں
 یک بیک نظروں نے دیکھا اک حسین رنگین گلاب
 حسن جس کا دیکھکر شرما رہا تھا آفتاب
 اس کی رنگت سے ٹپکتا تھا میرے دل کا لہو
 اُس کی سرخی سے عیاں ہوتا تھا خون آرزو
 سامنے سے وہ گل خوش رنگ جب جانے لگا
 جوش میں میں خود بخود اُس گل سے یوں کہنے لگا
 اے گل خوش رنگ آ - میرا کلیجہ چیر - دیکھ
 صفحہ دل پر کھینچی ہے تیری اک تصویر دیکھ
 اے گل خوش رنگ ! اے تسکین جان سو گوار
 آ لگا لوں تجھکو سینے سے کہ ہو دل کو قرار
 مایہ تسکین ہے تو شوق نظر کے واسطے
 دامن گلچیں ہے تو ذوق نظر کے واسطے
 برق کی چشمک تیری رنگین ادائی پر نثار
 کہکشاں کا نوو اُس جلوہ نمائی پر نثار
 بادۂ گلرنگ کا تیرے مزہ لیتا ہوں میں
 تشنگی ذوق نظارہ بجھا لیتا ہوں میں
 تیری رنگینی سے عقدہ کھل گیا یہ اے گلاب
 گلشن ہستی کی تو ہے اک حسین رنگین کتاب
 جو دکھاتے ہی جھلک اُڑ جائے وہ سبب ہے
 آہ نظروں سے میرے چہنے کو تو بیتاب ہے
 تجھ سے تو تسکین پاتا ہے دل خانہ خراب
 میری نظروں سے چھپا جاتا ہے پھر کیوں اے گلاب
 ہاں تیرا کچھ سن تو لے اُس دل کا پر غم ماجرا
 بھانپ لے نظروں سے اپنی کچھ تو اُسکا مدعا
 دیکھتے ہی دیکھتے تو آہ ! غائب ہو گیا
 ہوش میں آیا جو میں تو سامنے کچھ بھی نہ تھا

نلسفہ ہستی

گل بد امن کیوں ہوا جاتا ہے اشک خوں سے شمس
زندگی اک خواب ہے اور موت اک تعبیر ہے
دفن ہوتے ہیں حسین تو کھلتے ہیں گلہائے نر
لالہ و گل کا مرقع حسن کی تصویر ہے
موج مضطر نے اگرچہ کر دیا لاکھوں کو غرق
لیک بکر بے کوان کے واسطے زنجیر ہے
گرچہ مقراض سحر سے چاک ہے دامن شب
روز روشن کے لئے ہستی کی اک تحریر ہے
قطرۂ شبنم کو گو خورشید ہے پیغام مرگ
پھول کو باد بہاری کی مگر تحریر ہے
برگ گل آن کا کفن مرقد بنا خود گل کا دل
واہ کیا زندانیان (۱) گل کی یہ تقدیر ہے
بعد مردن گھر پشیمیاں کر دیا مانند شمع
تو یہ ارباب وفا کی آخری تصویر ہے
اس قدر مایوس کیوں ہے انتظام دہر سے
ایک کی ناکامیابی ایک کی تسخیر ہے
بان خراسی مہن ہے اک تہ طہر کی صورت نہاں
شمع کو پیغام ہستی خنجر گلہر ہے

(۱) نوٹ—پھول کے کپڑے

S. U. HYDER (SHAMS)

1 Year Arts.

غزل

یہ جوش غم کا ایسا ہے کہ نالہ نازباں آئے
زمین پہنچے فلک پر یا زمین پر آسماں آئے
صور میں نقاب روئے انور ہم اُلتے ہیں
کوئی حشرت سے یہ کہدے نہ ایسے مہن یہاں آئے
فس میں بھی وہی گلہائے رنگیں کا تصور ہے
چمن سے لے کے اپنے ساتھ ہر آشاں آئے
یقین تو ہے کہ ہو انسودہ یہ امصورۃ عالم
جو کہنے پر تماہ یلس مہری داستاں آئے

ہوئی ہے دشمنِ جال لذتِ آزار کی خواہش
کہاں سے روزِ اپنے واسطے اک آساں آئے
تلاشِ آشیایاں میں مضطرب پھرتی ہے کیوں بجلی
تکلف ہر طرف حاضر ہے اپنا آشیایاں آئے

کوئی تو بات ہے اشرفِ قفس میں ہم جو دھتے ہیں
کوئی تو لطف ہے جو چہوڑ کر ہم آشیایاں آئے

اشرف شاہجہاں پوزی
I Year Arts.

طلمس پردہ

از

(سید فرید جعفری منجھلی شہری سابق مدیر مسئول دسترگرت علیگڑہ
حال معاون مدیر یادگار لاہور نائب مدیر کالج میگزین
سکریٹری بزم اردو نائب صدر شعبہ معاشریات)

میگزین کی گذشتہ اشاعت میں بیانی لطیف احمد صاحب کا مقصود اس عنوان
کے زیر مانتھ شائع ہو چکا ہے - خود لطیف صاحب اور احباب کے اصرار کی بناء
پر میں اپنے خیالات ظاہر کرتا ہوں -

ماہر وطن کی معاشرتی - اخلاقی اور ذہنی اصلاح طلمس پردہ کے ہوشربا
مناظر کے ذریعہ نہایت آسانی سے کی جاسکتی ہے مگر بازاری اثرات سے ہمارے علوم
نصطرح ہمارے قانون بھی محفوظ نہیں ہیں - آج ملک کے سامنے جس قسم کی قلمیں
بیمش کی جا رہی ہیں وہ یقینی مستقبلِ عنقوب میں بھولے ہوئے ہندوستانی نوجوانوں
کو بد اخلاقی مصیبت اور گمراہوں کے انتہائی عمیق غاروں میں گرا دینگے -

لاس اینجلس اور ہالی وڈ کے منتروں نے ہمیں مرہ لیا ہے لیکن ہماری حالت
اس مریض کی جیسی ہے جسے نرس شراب بطور دوا دیتی ہے مگر وہ اسے ایکنار
دیکر بھی چلاتا ہے " ولا لا لب سے ہمارے کا نام لے ساتی " ہالی وڈ اور لاس اینجلس

کمال نے درجہ ذلک افلاک پر ہیں - رعنائیوں ' شوخیوں اور مسعور کن اداؤں سے ہمیں مدھوش ' اُڑر بے خود نہیں ہوتا چاہئے - کیونکہ اگر ایک طرف ہنر نے دل و دماغ کی رگوں میں حسرت اور بے چارگی کی شعاعیں ڈروانے کیلئے دن اور دھندہ پر تناؤ کمیت کا ' ہال وڈ پیریت اُڑر وہابی ایسے حسین و جمیل فلم نکالے ہیں تو دوسری طرف ' اراہیم ' لندن ' دن رو میٹنگ ' ٹائٹ ' واٹر لو برج ' آل کوائٹ آن دسٹن فرٹ ' سن اینڈ رائٹر ' ماما ہری ایسے قومی ہمارے فلم بھی ہمارے سامنے پیش کئے ہیں جنکو دیکھ کر عمر اور شرم سے ہر ہندوستان کو پانی پانی ہو جانا چاہئے - یہی ہیں ' انہوں نے اپنی قلموں ذریعہ دنیا کی چلتی پھرتی جیتی جاگتی چلتی پھرتی ' جیتی جاگتی تاریخیں مرتب کی ہیں - انہوں نے اپنے فلوں کے ذریعے اپنے طالب علموں کو دنیا کا جغرافیہ پر آبا ہے انہوں نے اپنے اس تہ کو درجہ کمال تک ہونے پر کئے ہیں مثلاً قربانیاں کی ہیں جسا نتیجہ یہ ہے کہ انکا ہر ایک اور انکی ہر ایک راس جہاں سے گذر جائے وہاں ہزاروں سر تسلیم خم ہو جائیں -

برعکس ہندوستان کی فلمی دنیا کی عجیب عبرتناک حالت ہے - نڈرزم اور کنجیزم اسکی ترقی میں بری طرح سد راہ ہوئی ہیں - تھیٹر کیل تمثیل نگاری اسٹیج کے منظر نقاد کی لغزشوں اور تنقید کی گمراہیوں نے ہندوستانی فلموں کو بازاری اثرات کے ماتحت کر دیا ہے قصہ دیکھو وہی لہوئی مجنوں ' شیرین و فرہاد ' ہیر و رانجھا ' باز بہادر روپ متی ' حاتم طائی اور چہار درویش جنسے نہ کوئی اخلاقی ہوتی اصلاح ہوتی ہے اور نہ ادبی ہے ' بات بات پر گانا ' بات چیت ہے تو گانے میں ' جنگ و جدل کی معرکہ آرائیاں ہو تو گانے کی چوٹیں ساتھ ہونا ضروری ' مردہ جی اُٹھتا ہے تو گانا صوا ' لڑکی مرتی ہے تو گانی ہو ' باپ نصیحت کرتا ہے تو گانے میں ' بیٹا سر کشی کرتا ہے تو گانے میں ' اور پھر لطف یہ کہ فن موسیقی کی تمام اداؤں کا دکھانا اسوقت ضروری ہوتا ہے - جنگل ہو یا منگل مگر چرتہی اُڑر گرئی راگوں کیساتھ طبلہ کی تھاپیں اور سارنگی کا ترنم ضروری ہے - یہی وہ غیر فطرتی تمثیل نگاری ہے جس نے ہندوستانی فلموں کو بین الاقوامی میں ہونے دیا -

میں سچ کہتا ہوں کہ اگر ہماری فلمی ذہنیت میں انقلاب پیدا ہو جائے اور ہم ذرا ذوق سلیم سے کام لیں تو ہندوستان کو تہذیب مستقبل کیلئے تیار کرنا کچھ

مشکل ہیں - ہندوستان کی اکثر معاشرتی اصلاحیں فلموں کے ذریعہ نہایت آسانی سے کیجاسکتی ہیں * رسم و رواج کی جگہ بغدادی طلسم پردہ کے ساحرائے مناظر کے ذریعے لکھنؤ میں توڑے جاسکتے ہیں - جہالت کی تاریک گھٹا آسمان ہند سے دلک جھپکتے صاف ہو سکتی ہے - مگر یہ اسوقت تک ناممکن ہے جب تک کہ ہماری فلم کمپنیاں قربانی اور ایثار کے لئے تیار نہوں -

دراصل جو آج مشرقی ممالک میں فلموں کا دیکھنا جنس لطیف کی بھولی بھالی جمیل کلیوں کے لئے ممنوع ہو گیا ہے تو اُسکی وجہ یہ ہے کہ ہماری اخلاقی اور معاشرتی لغزشوں میں دن درگنی رات چوگنی اضافہ کرنے میں ہمارے معاون ہیں - بوالہوسی کی داستانیں ، نفس پرستی کے کار نامے اپنی سمیت سے ہمارے دل و دماغ کے روش خروں کو دھندلا گئے دیتے ہیں میں نو کہتا ہوں کہ ہمارے اسی فیصدی فلم اس قابل ہیں کہ جوان ہندوستان انکو دیکھے اور محظوظ ہونا چاہے -

اُسکی ایک وجہ یہ بھی ہے کہ ہماری فلم کے کمپنیوں کے تمثیل نگار تعلیم یافتہ ہیں ، اچھے عادات و اطوار کے ہیں معددے چند کو چھوڑتے - ایکٹروں میں شیخ انتخار رسول پیرسز ایٹ لا ، مسٹر خلیل احمد ، شہ حبیب الرحمن غزنوی بی-اے مسٹر مودک این جیسٹس مودک ، اور مسٹر دی بلی موریا ، ایکٹرسوں میں مس روپی مس سلوچنا ، مس مادھوی ، مس سیتا دیوی ، اور زتسی دھنن تعلیم یافتہ ہیں ، شریف ہیں اور اچھے عادات و اطوار کی ہیں اور غالباً انہوں نے کسی اخلاق سوز فلم میں کام نہیں کیا ہے -

ضرورت اس بات کی ہے کہ اچھے خاندانوں کے شریف اور تعلیم یافتہ لڑکے اور باحیا اور نیک اطوار تعلیم یافتہ لڑکیاں فلمی دنیا میں آئیں اور اسے اپنے مستقبل کا گھوارہ بنائیں - میں سچ کہتا ہوں کہ فلمی تحریک اگر اعلیٰ قوانین سے متعلق ہو تو ہندوستان کو بیدار ہوتے دیر نہیں لگیگی اور جو کام علی برادران ، بابو جی ، پندران وغیرہ سے برسوں میں ہوا وہ مہینوں کی مدتوں میں ہو جائیگا

ہندوستانی فلم سازی کی ترقی میں ایک رکاوٹ یہ بھی ہے کہ ہماری کمپنیوں کے دائرہ زیادہ تجربے نہیں رکھتے - ضرورت ہے کہ اداہالی و اداس انجلیس وغیرہ فلمی مرکزوں میں تشریف لیجائیں اور وہاں دو سال دو سال تجربے حاصل کر لیں بعد ہندوستان کو کشتہ ناز کریں -

نقشا - فرید منچہلی شہری

مومن کا مختصر توہین تذکرہ

از

جناب لطیف احمد صاحب مقلم سکنق ابو آرٹس وکن ڈرامٹک سوسائٹی
مومن خاں ' مومن تخلص ' ولادت دہلی سنہ ۱۲۱۵ھ میں ہوئی والد کا نام
حکیم غلام نبی خاں ' شرفائے دہلی میں سے تھے اور بڑی عزت رکھتے تھے ' شاہ عبدالعزیز
صاحب نے پیدا ہونیکے وقت اذان دی اور مومن خاں نام رکھا ' شاہ عبدالقادر
صاحب سے عربی کتابیں پڑھیں ' پھر فن طب کیطرف ' جو آبائی پیشہ تھا ' توجہ
کی اور کمال حاصل کیا علم نجوم میں ملکہ حاصل تھا ' جوانی کے
زمانہ کا دیوان عاشقانہ مضامین سے بھرا ہوا ہے مگر نوجوانی میں ہی
رنگ بدلا مولوی محمد اسماعیل صاحب کے مرشد مولانا سید احمد صاحب بریلوی
کے مرید ہوئے -

حافظہ بہت قوی تھا ' شعر پڑھنے کا انداز نرالا رکھتے تھے ' کسی امیر کی دربار
ناری کبھی نہیں کی اور نہ کبھی مدحیہ تصدیق لکھا بہت غیور تھے ایک مرتبہ راجہ
کیور تھلا نے تین سو روپیہ ماہوار مشاعرہ فر بلایا مگر اس بناء پر انکار کر دیا کہ یہی
منخواہ انکے یہاں ایک گوئے کی قوی ' کوٹھے سے گرے اور وفات پاگئی ' سنہ وفات
سنہ ۱۲۶۸ع ہے - مرنے کے لئے خون ہی پیشیں گوئی کی تھی کہ پنج دن پانچ ماہ
یا پانچ برس میں مر جاؤں گا چنانچہ پانچ ماہ بعد انتقال فرما گئے ' خود ہی تاریخ
کھی - "دست و بازو بشکست"

کلام میں عشقیہ مضامین کا سوز و گداز کیساتھ بیان کرنا اور اثر پیدا کرنا ' تصوف
اور مقطع میں اپنے تخلص کی مناسبت سے پیشتر چست مضامین لکھنا خصوصیات
ہیں -

یونہی مومن کا سارا کلام اہل ذوق کیلئے تیز و نشتر ہے لیکن مندرجہ ذیل اشعار
میں مومن نے اپنے رنگ کی نقاشی خوب کی ہے

عمر ساری تو کئی عشق بتاں میں مومن
آخری وقت میں کیا خاک مسلمان ہونکے
دل قابل محبت مجاہد نہیں رہا
وہ دلورہ وہ جوش وہ طعیاں نہیں رہا

پہرتے ہیں کھسے پردہ نشینوں سے منہ چھپاے
وسوا ہوئے کہ اب ہم پھل نہیں رہا

اگر اس کو ذرا نہیں ہوتا رنج راحت و قزا نہیں ہوتا
بیوفا کہنے کی شکایت ہے تو بھی وعدہ وفا نہیں ہوتا
تم ہمارے کسی طرح نہوئے درنہ میں کیا نہیں ہوتا
تم میرے پاس ہوتے گویا جب کوئی دوسرا نہیں ہوتا
حال دل یار کو لکھوں کیونکر ہاتھ دل سے جدا نہیں ہوتا
چارہ دل سوائے صبر نہیں سو تمہارے سرا نہیں ہوتا

نہ کیونکر بس ہوا جاؤں کہ یان آقا ہے رہ رہ کر
وہ تیرا مسکرا نا کچھ مجھے ہونٹوں میں کہہ کہہ کر

غیر ہے بے وفا نہ تم تو کہو ہے ارادہ نبا کا کبتک
نہ بلائیں گے - نہ وہ آئیں گے جوش لبیک مرحبا کبتک
تم کو تو خو ہو گئی برائی کی در گذر کیجئے بیلا کبتک
ناصر نادان یہ دانائی نہیں دل کو سمجھاؤں میں سودائی نہیں
کس توقع پہ امید وصل اب طنت صبر و شکیبائی نہیں
نہ کئی ہم سے شب جدائی کی کتنی ہی طاقت آزمائی کی
کھوں برا کہتے ہو بیلا ناصر میں نے حضرت سے کیا برائی کی
گو نہ بگڑو تو کیا بگڑتا ہے مجھے میں طاقت نہیں لڑائی کی
موکئے پر ہے بے خبر صبا اب توقع نہیں رہائی کی

خادم ادب لطیف احمد پرستین ہال

سون اور ذوق پر ایک سوسری نگاہ

اردو میں سودا سے پہلے بھی قصیدے کہے گئے مگر وہ بالکل معمولی درجے کے
تھے جن میں قصیدہ کے مسئلہ خصوصیات نہ ہونے کے برابر تھے - سب سے پہلے قصیدہ
پر سودا نے زور دیا - اور اسکو فصاحت اور بلاغت کے اعلیٰ مدارج تک پہنچا دیا
اگر سودا کے بعد قصیدہ گوئی میں کوئی بھی اُسے بہتر ہوتا تو بھی موجد ہونے کا
فخر یا اولیت کا شرف انہیں کو سب میں مستقر رکھتا - آزاد کی رائے ہے کہ سودا
قصیدہ گوئی کے میدان میں تمام فارسی شعر کے نہ صرف برابر ہی رہے بلکہ بہتوں

سے سبقت بھی لیکنے۔ انکے قصائد شان و شکوہ میں انوری اور خاقانی سے اور ظہوری سے کم نہیں ہیں۔ مرزا قنبر نے مجموعی حیثیت سے سودا کو زبان اردو کا ظہوری قرار دیا ہے۔ مگر آزاد اس کے ماننے سے انکشاف کرتے ہیں۔ اسلئے کہ ظہوری کے قصیدوں میں دور ازکار تشبیہوں اور استعاروں نے دھلم کو کافی پیچیدہ کر دیا ہے۔ اگر سودا کو کسی فارسی شعر سے مشابہت کرنا ہے تو وہ انوری ہے جو زبان پر قادر اور قصیدہ و ہجو کا بادشاہ مانا گیا ہے۔ انکے زمانہ ہی میں انکے قصیدہ گوئی کا چرچا تھا اور لوگ عام طور سے انکے قصیدے کو انکی غزل پر ترجیح دیتے تھے۔ یہ بات سودا کے اس شعر سے نکلتی ہے۔

لوگ کہتے ہیں کہ سودا کا قصیدہ ہے خوب

انکی خدمت میں لئے میں یہ غزل جاؤنگا

قصیدے کے جتنے لوازمات ہیں سودا کے یہاں سب موجود ہیں یہاں تک کہ انکی غزلوں میں بھی ایسے شعر بکثرت ملتے ہیں جو ان خصوصیات کی بنا پر کے شعر معلوم ہوتے ہیں

قصیدہ گوئی میں سودا کے بعد صرف ذوق نے نام پیدا کیا۔ اور اس صنف میں اسدرجہ شہرت و مہارت حاصل کی کہ خاقانی ہند کا خطاب ملا۔

سودا اور ذوق کا موازنہ

سودا کے قصائد کی تشبیہوں میں ذوق کے قصائد کے یہ نسبت تلوع زیادہ ہیں مگر علمی مسائل کے طرف اشارے ذوق کے یہاں زیادہ ہیں۔ سودا کے قصیدے بھاری پیر کم معلوم ہوتے ہیں بر عکس اسکے ذوق کے قصیدے مقابلتاً ہلکے پھلکے نظر آتے ہیں۔

اگر کوئی اور صنف سخن ہوتی تو یہی بات ذوق کے تعریف میں کہی جاتی مگر جہاں تک قصائد کا تعلق ہے وہاں معینہ معیار کے مطابق سودا کے قصائد کو ذوق کے قصائد پر ترجیح ہے دونوں کے طرز بیان میں کسی قدر فرق ہے۔ سودا کے یہاں بے ضرورت الفاظ کا استعمال اور عربی اور ہندی الفاظ کی بے جوڑ آمیزش ہے۔ برخلاف اسکے ذوق کا بیان سلیس ہے اور صاف تشبیہوں سے کام لیا گیا اور ان عجوب سے جو سودا کے کلام میں ہیں پاک ہے۔ یہ فرق زمانہ کے رنگ بدلنے کا نتیجہ ہے۔

سودا اور ذوق دونوں نے فارسی قصیدوں کو اپنا نمونہ قرار دیا دونوں پرانے روش کے پیرو تھے۔ اور کوئی بھی جدید طرز کا موجد نہ تھا۔ قصیدے کے لوازم دونوں

کے پہلے بخوبی موجود ہیں - صرف مدارج کا فرق درجہ کوئی اصولی فرق کسی کے قصیدوں میں بھی نہیں پایا جاتا - سودا کے قصائد میں جو زور اور شان ہے وہ ذوق کے قصائد میں نہیں ہے - اُسکی وجہ دونوں کے ممدوح کا فرق ہے اسلئے کہ ذوق کا ممدوح ایک بے دست و پا برائے نام بادشاہ تھا - چونکہ سردا کے اکثر و بیشتر قصائد نظری میلان طبع کے نتائج ہیں اور ذوق کے قصیدے خاص خاص موقعوں پر پیش کر کے صلہ حاصل کرنے کے غرض سے لکھے گئے ہیں اس لئے ان اسباب کی بناء پر سودا کے قصیدے ذوق کے قصیدوں سے زیادہ نیچرل کہے جاسکتے ہیں -

محمد عبدالعزیز جعفری مچھلی شہری سکریٹری شعبہ معاشیات
متعلم سکنت ایر آرٹس

”گہوارہ حسن“

تمدن کی ساری ہنگامہ خیزیوں تہذیب کی تمام جلوہ آریوں، دولت و حکومت کی جملہ نعمتوں کے ساتھ میں نے عالی شان قصر کے اندر نشوونما پانے والے حسن کی آرزو کر کے دیکھ لیا۔۔۔ میں نے زر کار درخشاں ملبوس کے اندر جگمگانے والے جمال کے سامنے اپنا سر نیاز جھکا کر دیکھ لیا میں نے نقاب کے اندر برق آسا روشن چہروں کے سامنے اپنی ہستی کو تباہ اور سمیٹہ کو مجروح کر کے دیکھ لیا - میں نے اس ”شہرستان حسن“ کی دیواروں سے بھی ہر سونے سے نکرایا ہے جسمیں میوے نالہ سامانیانِ رخسہ نہ کر سکیں، میں نے اُس محشرستانِ جمال“ کی بھی سیو کی جہاں ہر ایک شعاع رنگین دنیاے دل کی آنکھوں کو خیرہ کرنے کے لئے کافی ہیں - میں اُس خاک زریں“ پر بھی گھنٹوں پڑا رہا ہوں اُس امید میں کہ کسی پیکرِ جمال کی لرزش حسن مجھے پامال کر دے، میں نے یہ بھی دیکھا کہ ہوا کے دھیمے دھیمے جھونکے کسی کی ریشمی ساری کی سرزش سے وہ موجیں پیدا کر دیتے ہیں جنکو دیکھ کر دل و دماغ سے خراب و بیداری ہوش و مدھوشی کا امتیاز بھی اٹھ جاتا ہے میں انٹر طوفانِ حسن کی رنگین امواج میں کھوکھو گیا ہوں مگر میری روح پھر بھی سحراب نہ ہوئی، میں اُس ”فردوس حسن“ میں تشنہ کام بھی رہا - آخر کار صناعاتِ انسانی سے جدا، الوانِ تہذیب سے علیحدہ اختراعات عقل سے الگ، اسبابِ نمود و نمائش سے منفک، فطرت کے حسن کا تماشا دیکھنے کی آرزو پیدا ہوتی - اور اس ”کفر آباد تمدن“ کو خیر باد کہہ جس نے حسن کی فطری رعایتوں اور حقیقی دلفریبیوں کو پردہ پوشی کر دیا تھا، میں ان لوگوں میں جا ملا جو آسمان کے نیچے صرف فرشِ زمیں پر بادلوں کی طرح اپنی خانہ بدوش آوار گیوں میں مسرور نظر آتے ہیں - جنگل ہو یا بستی، ویرانہ ہو یا آبادی مگر وہ سارے خاندان اور محدود اسبابِ زندگی کو لیکر ساری عمر کات دیتے ہیں - جنہوں نے صحرا کے ذروں کو مخدور اور پہاڑوں کی وادیوں کو اپنے نشہ وار فتگی سے

معمور گر رکھا ہے جنکی مرتکب معاشرت کے اندر چھپی ہوئی راحت اور منحصر مدت پر ملا ٹک بھی رشک کرتے ہیں اور کیف میں آ کر انکی داستانیں الپتے اور کائنات پر ایک نیند کا سکوت طاری کر دیتے ہیں -

میں انہیں مل گیا - نظرات نے اپنا جمال میرے سامنے بے نقاب کر دیا میں نے پھر اسکے ہر ایک پہلو میں حسن و زیبائی کا جلوہ اور اسکے ہر ظہور میں نظر افروزی روح پردہ کی نون دیکھی مجھے کوئی رخ ایسا نہیں ملا جسپر حسن و رعنائی نے ایک نقاب زیبائش نہ ڈال دی ہو -

ستاروں کی گردش میں ' آفتاب کی جلوہ ریزی میں چاند کی ضیا میں دریاؤں کی روانی میں ' پہاڑوں کی بلند وادیوں میں نباتات کی صورت آرائیوں میں اور باغ کی رعنائیوں میں ' پھولوں کی عطر بیزیوں میں ' پرندوں کی نغمہ سنجیوں میں ' صبح کے چہرہ خنداں اور شام کے جلوہ محبوب میں غرض ہر چیز میں حقیقی حسن کا جلوہ پایا تماشہ گاہ ہستی حسن کی نمایش اور نظر افروزی کی جلوہ گاہ بنکر ہر گوشہ نگاہ لئے نشاط سامعہ کے لئے سرور اور روح کے لئے راحت و سکون کا سامان لائی -

میں نے بہانک اور سنسان راتوں کی تاریکی میں ' تاروں بھری رات میں مہتاب کی دلکش ضیا میں اور لیلیٰ شب کی ہر ادا میں حسن کا جلوہ دیکھا میرا دل قدرت کی نیرنگیوں اور دلفریبیوں کا وہ مخزن بنکھا جس میں بے بضاعتی کے باوجود بھی ایک دوسری دنیا سما سکتی ہے -

اور میں اب سمجھا کہ نظرات کے افادہ فیضان کی سب سے بڑی بخشائیں اسکا عالمگیر حسن ہے - رہے ہی اس حسن کا سر چشمہ ہے جس نے اپنی حسن آرائیوں دلفریبیوں اور جاتفرائیوں ' ساز نظرات کی موسیقیوں اور اس کے نغمہ کی جاں نوازیوں ' سبز گل کی رعنائیوں ' قہوی و بلبل کی نغمہ سنجیوں سے کار گاہ عالم کو سامع کے لئے شیریں ' نگاہ کے لئے سرور اور روح کے لئے سر مایہ عیش بنا دیا ہے

سکر کے سہانے سایہ میں آفتاب کی سریع السیر شعاعیں ' مہتاب کی تجلیاں کا ثنات کا خمار بادلوں کی صہبائے مستی ' نظرات کی انزائیاں ' نسیم سکر کا انداز استغنا ' شفق کی سرخیاں اور گوہسار ' آبسار ' لالہ زار و خوتیاز یعنی قدرت کے جلوہ ہائے سکر گار ' میں دیکھتا ہوں اور مست ہو جاتا ہوں ان بیتاب نظروں کی جولانیوں ' حسن آفرینیوں اور جمال آرائیوں کی وہ لوگ کیسے قدر کر سکتے ہیں جنکی زندگی خود ساختہ آسائشیوں ' بناوٹی راحتوں اور مصنوعی آنشی افروزیوں سے اس درجہ جو ندی گئی ہوں کہ حسن حقیقی کے احساس و ادراک کا بھی موقع نہ ملتا ہو وہ کیا جانے کہ نظرات کا جمال کیا ہے - حسن کاسر چشمہ کہل اگر وہ خشک ہو جاتے تو حسن کی شادایاں اور زندگی دلچسپیاں موت کی بد حالیوں کا ایک مستقل انسانہ بن جاتیں

ساجد حامد رضوی بھوپالی - سکند آباد - آرنس

”نوشت تقدیر“

خدا اس جدید تہذیب کا بھلا کرے کہ اس نے تین جماعتوں کو تین چیزوں کی خود مختار حکومت عطا کر دی ہے

(۱) کانگریس کو ایجیٹیشن (Agitation) کی

(۲) پرنسپلوں کو ایپلیکیشن (Application) کی

(۳) ڈاکٹروں کو آپریشن (Operation) کی

کانگریس پر قلم اٹھانا میری دست دس کے باہر ہے کیونکہ اُس کے جملہ حقوق بحق گورنمنٹ محفوظ ہیں۔ ہاں، اکثر نستعلیق تکریموں کو کاغذی پیرہن میں نقش نامنظوری پر فزیاں کرتے دیکھا ہے۔ لیکن اس پر بھی کچھ لکھنا اس لئے قبل از وقت ہے کہ ممکن ہے مکان جانے سے قبل مجھے خود ایسی ہی حکومت کے آگے درخواست گزارنا پڑے اور میرے یہ چند الفاظ بطور سند پکڑے جائیں۔ غالب تو الہ میاں تک سے یہ کہنے کے صاف نکل گئے۔

پکڑے جاتے ہیں فرشتوں کے لکھے پر ماحق

آدمی کوئی شمارا دم نہرو بھی تھا (غالب)

لیکن آپ ہی بتائے کہ ہم کیا کریں گے۔ میگزین میں چھپے ہوئے اعمال موجود ہونگے۔ اگر ان سے انکار بھی کر دیا تو مولانا انوار الحق صاحب، original copy پیش کر دیں گے۔

ہاں۔ مجھے اب ڈاکٹروں سے کام پڑنے کو امید نہیں کیونکہ میں نے کل ہی ”بعد ذیادہ اسکور“ نکالنے کے اس بزرگ بزرگ کے آگے کار پتہ کر قسم کھائی ہے کہ اب کبھی آپریشن نہ لونگا۔ خواہ مجھے وہ ہوموپیتھک کا خیال و خواہی علاج ہی کیوں نہ کرانا پڑے۔ سنئے۔ ہر ڈاکٹر کو آپریشن کرنے کی اتنی ہی آرزو ہوتی ہے جتنی مسلمان بچوں کو عید کی۔ بابا لوگوں کو گرسس کی اور مرے دوست عینو کو چھٹی کی۔ ڈاکٹر صاحب کچھ ایسی ہی آرزوں میں مستغرق ہوں گے کہ میں تقدیر کا مارا ماتھا دکھلانے گیا۔

ڈاکٹر۔ ہاں تو کچھ.....بتورتی سی...معلوم ہوتی ہے۔

میں۔۔۔؟

ڈاکٹر۔ اُس کو نکلوا ڈالیے۔ ارے نکلوانا کیا۔ کسی دن کھیل سے قبل چلے آئیے اسکو نکال دیا جائیگا۔ پھر اطمینان سے کھیلے کودے۔ ڈاکٹر صاحب نے یہ الفاظ حسیب میں ہاتھ اور چہرے پر شکن ڈالتے ہوئے کچھ اس بے نیازانہ انداز سے کہے کہ اُس مسئلہ پر کچھ زیادہ گفتگو کرنا ہی مجھے کچھ ”Oxford“ سا محالوم ہونے لگا۔ دو چار دن بعد میں بلا کسی کو اطلاع دئے ہوئے عالمج دسپین سڑی میں تھا۔ مہری آنکھ پر پٹی بندھ گئی۔ چہرے پر کچھ قطرات آنے لگے جنکو ڈاکٹر صاحب نہایت ہمدردی سے پانی کے بوند فرما رہے تھے۔ کچھ کچھ کی آواز کانوں میں آرہی تھی اور وہ لچھے دار گفتگو چھری ہوئی تھی گویا گرسس کھک کھاتا جا رہا ہے۔

کامل پندہ منت کے بعد آئیکہ کھای تو پتی ماتھے پر بندھنی ہوئی تھی - پانی کے قطرات شاید واقعات دیکھ کر سرخ ہو گئے تھے اور ایک کونے میں پورا ہوا جام جم رکھا تھا جس کی سرخ کھراٹیں میں مجھے یہ مصرع چمکتا نظر آتا تھا -

” یہ بھی تقدیر کا لکھا تھا کوئی بات نہیں “

نور الحسن بلگرامی

سیکنڈ ایر سائنس

*Awkward کو مذاقاً Oxford لکھا ہے -

جغرافیائی لطیفہ

” کثرت ہے “

- ۱۔ دریائے ’میزن‘ میں پانی کی
- ۲۔ افریقہ میں آبشاروں کی
- ۳۔ انگلستان میں بہترین جہازوں کی
- ۴۔ جرمن و فرانس میں ہوائی جہازوں کی
- ۵۔ لکھتہ میں پانوں کی
- ۶۔ کابل میں انگور و انار کی
- ۷۔ افغانستان میں خانہ جنگیوں کی
- ۸۔ لکھنؤ میں شربت گفتاروں کی
- ۹۔ بمبئی میں درلتمندوں کی
- ۱۰۔ سائبیریا میں جنگلات کی
- ۱۱۔ روس میں گہا ہستانوں کی
- ۱۲۔ اچکل کالج میں باتوں کی
- ۱۳۔ ہندوستان کے بعض شہروں میں
- لیڈروں کی
- ۱۴۔ تلی اور چین میں ریشم کے
- کپڑوں کی

- اور دریائے ہوانگو میں طغیانی کی
- اور فرانس میں دلچسپ نظاروں کی
- اور امریکہ میں قیمتی کانوں کی
- اور ہندوستان میں کبوتر بازوں کی
- اور شہر شاہجہاں پور میں پتھانوں کی
- اور لندن میں کوچہ و بازار کی
- اور بحر روم کے کنارے نارنگیوں کی
- اور دہلی و اگریے میں پرانی یادگاروں کی
- اور بلیا میں عقلمندوں کی
- اور قسطنطنیہ میں باغات کی
- اور افریقہ میں ریکستانوں کی
- اور پیورس میں خاتونوں کی
- اور الہ آباد شہر میں پلیڈروں کی
- اور دیہات میں گیدڑوں کی
- دکن میں ہیروں کی

اور کشمیر اور ایران میں بے نظیروں کی

اشرف علی خاں شاہجہاں پوری

فرسٹ ایر آرٹس

हिन्दी-विभाग

जिसको न निज भाषा तथा कालेज-इवि (ग) का ध्यान है।
वह बड़ नहीं, पशुतुल्य है, निर्जीव है, अज्ञान है॥

हिन्दी-विभाग

वर्ष २४ } जिसको न निज भाषा तथा कालेज-इवि (ग) का ध्यान है । { संख्या २
} वह बटु नहीं, पशुतुल्य है, निर्जीव है, अज्ञान है ॥ }

शिशु के प्रति

[रचयिता—श्रीयुत रामचन्द्र द्विवेदी “प्रदीप” विशारद ।]

प्रथम वर्ष (कक्षा)

अहे जननि-आशा लतिका में ;
खिलने वाले अनुपम फूल !
जननि-कुक्ष के हे जीवन-धन !
हे विकास के मंजुल मूल !

सगुण मूर्ति मञ्जुलता की हे,
दिव्य देश के गौरव-रूप
निधन राष्ट्र के हे जीवन-धन
प्रणय-सिन्धु के रत्न अनूप

मातृ-स्नेह की सगुण मूर्ति हे
प्रणय-विटप के सुरभित फूल !
आ जा हे निधनी के जीवन,
नयन-हिंडोल में तू झूल !

तप्त हृदय की शीतल धारा
शैशवता के मृदु भृङ्गार !
तेरे एक बार मुसकाने पर
बलि जाऊँ, सौ सौ बार !

मौन साधना कौन ? शान्त हो—
क्यों बैठे हो सुषमाकान्त ?
किस अनजान लोक से आये,
कही, तनिक उसका वृत्तान्त !

शिशु क्षण ही मैं हूँ पड़ते तुम
अपना सुन्दर मुखड़ा खोल !
मन्द मन्द मुसका मीठा मधु—
मधुर हास मैं देते घोल !

किन्तु दूसरे ही क्षण तुम क्यों—
रो पड़ते हो शिशु नादान ?
पा न सका कवि तेरे चंचल
मन की गति का भेद अजान !

मन्द मन्द मुसका इतना क्यों
प्रकट कर रहे अतुल हुलास ?
कहो तुम्हारे मन-मानस में
छिपे कौन मंजुल अभिलाष !

पूर्ति जननि अभिलाषाओं की
आशाओं की उज्ज्वल स्फूर्ति !
नष्ट नयन की सजग ज्योति हे
सुख-सुहाग की जीवित मूर्ति !

शिशु तुमको लख आ जाता है
मुझका मेरा बचपन याद !
शैशव की प्यारी स्मृतियाँ फिर
देती है रह रह आल्हाद !

एक बार दिखला दो शिशु फिर
वह अपनी मंजुल मुसकान !
व्याकुल व्यथा मिटाने वाली
हृदय-वारुणी-सी द्युतिमान !

मौक्तिक-माला

(गद्य-काव्य)

[लेखक—श्रीयुत हेमांग गोस्वामी-प्रथम वर्ष (कला)]

आँसुओं की माला

मेरे देव ! मैं आज अपने दुःखाश्रुओं की माला तुम्हारी ही ग्रीवा में पहनाता हूँ

जानता हूँ, तुम्हें किसी वस्तु की कमी नहीं। तुमने सूर्यचन्द्र जैसे कुशल कलाकारों को अपने आभूषण निर्माण करने के लिए नियुक्त किया है। उनकी पवित्र किरणों से गूँथे हुए हारों से तुम अपने अंग की शोभा बढ़ाते हो ! किन्तु मैं ऐसे बहुमूल्य हार तुम्हें कहाँ से लाकर अर्पण करूँ ? इसलिये तो यह मेरे दुःखाश्रुओं की मौक्तिक माला तुम्हें अर्पण करता हूँ। स्वीकार करो !

हँसाते भी तुम्हीं हो ! रुलाते भी तुम्हीं हो ! इस प्रकार अपनी इच्छानुसार तुम प्रत्येक को नाच नचाया करते हो !

किन्तु इस वैभव विलास से पूर्ण मोदक संसार को देखकर तो मुझे हमेशा रुलाई आया करती है ।

हे दुःखनाशन ! मुझे तो तुम निरन्तर दुःख ही दिया करो । क्योंकि मेरे दुःखाश्रु ही मुझे तुम्हारी स्मृति दिलाया करते हैं ; दुःख में ही मेरा गर्व गलित होता है !

(मिलनाशा)

मैं अपने गीतों को गली गली गाता फिरता हूँ—केवल तुम्हारे मिलन की आशा से ही ! अपने मन मन्दिर में तुम्हारा कुछ आभास विद्यमान है— अब मुझे इसका कुछ कुछ अनुभव होने लगा है ।

मुझे जितना ज्ञान तुमने दिया, मैंने उसे तुम्हारे गीतों की रचना में ही खर्च कर डाला है ! इन गीतों ने मेरे अन्तर का संपूर्ण रहस्य खोल दिया है । मेरे हृदय सरोवर के अनेक दिव्य कमलों पर इन्हीं ने अपना माधुर्य पराग के रूप में बिखेरा है ।

मेरे ये गीत मुझे आनन्द के किस पावन प्रदेश की ओर ले जायेंगे, यह मुझे खबर नहीं । किन्तु मेरे गीत ही मुझे तुम्हारे मिलन-सुख का अनुभव करायेंगे ऐसी मुझे आशा है !

(एक ही अभिलाषा)

अरे ! इस तिमिराच्छन्न रात्रि में—जब सारी जगतों सुखकी नींद में सो रही है ; जब चारों ओर निस्तब्धता का साम्राज्य फैला हुआ है—तुम अकेले किस लिये भटक रहे हो ?

क्या तुम्हारे किसी भक्त पर विपत्ति पड़ी है जो उसके दुःख निवारणार्थ दौड़े जा रहे हो ? अथवा क्या स्वर्ग वासी देवताओं को इस जगत में अवतीर्ण करने की उधेड़ बुन में उलझे हो ? मेरे नाथ ! जो कोई भी बात हो, मुझे सच सच बतला दो ! ओ हृदयेश्वर ! तुम मुझे से कोई बात छिपाओ मत !

जगत के वक्षस्थल पर उत्पात् मचाने वाले अधर्म को देखकर तुम्हारा चित्त खिन्न हुआ है ऐसी मेरी धारणा बँध गई है । मुझे ऐसा भान हो रहा है कि तुम किसी स्थान पर अवतार धारण करने का निश्चय कर चुके हो !

अस्तु, तुम्हारी लीला कौन जान सकता है ? मुझे इन सब बातों से क्याकाम ? मेरी केवल एक ही अभिलाषा है । बस उसी को पूरी कर दो । हे नाथ ! अपने पवित्र चरणों से मेरा मन्दिर पावन करो !

जहाँ चंचल मन अचलस्थिरता को धारण करता हो ।

जहाँ निरन्तर अमृत की वर्षा होती हो

जहाँ सत्य ही का एक मात्र आधिपत्य हो ।

जहाँ रुमस्त कर्तव्य निवास करते हों और जहाँ अखण्ड ज्योति का ज्वलन्त प्रकाश उद्भासित होता हो ।

जहाँ अनन्त की बंशी-ध्वनि सारे प्रदेश को गुंजरित करती हो ।

हे ज्योतिस्वरूप परमात्मन् ! मुझे उसी उच्च मार्ग की ओर अप्रसर कर !

काव्य

[लेखक-श्री० देवीशंकर वाजपेयी-प्रथमवर्ष (कला)]

मनुष्य मात्र का स्वभाव है कि वह अपने ज्ञान भाण्डार को परिमित नहीं देख सकता । पर ज्ञान-प्रसरण के लिये अविरल परिश्रम की आवश्यकता पड़ती है अतएव जब मनुष्य की शक्तियाँ तथा उसकी बुद्धि काम नहीं देती तो वह कल्पना शक्ति का आश्रय लेता है । इस प्रकार काव्य की श्रष्टि होती है । “वाक्यं रसात्मक काव्यम्” के सिद्धान्त को मानते हुये भी यदि ध्यान पूर्वक देखा जाय तो ऐसा कोई काव्य नहीं जिसमें ‘कल्पना’ का स्थान न हो । बुद्धि का अवलम्बन करने वालों के लिये सूर्योदय एक दैनिक घटना है, मन्दाकिनी एक नदी है पर कवि कल्पना द्वारा सूर्योदय में उषा देवी का दर्शन करते तथा मन्दाकिनी में मातृमूर्ति देख कर गद् गद् हो जाते हैं ।

“कविर्मनीषी परिभूः स्वयंभूः” से स्पष्ट विदित है कि जिस रचना में स्वर्गीय भावों की कमी है वह रचना उत्तम रचना नहीं । निस्सन्देह अलंकार, भाषा का सौष्ठव तथा माधुर्य आदि भी काव्य के गुण कहे जाते हैं पर काव्य का स्वाभाविक गुण उसका भाव सौष्ठव है तथा उस भाव के स्पष्टीकरण के लिये प्रसादगुण का होना आवश्यक है । ‘मैकाले’ का कथन है कि “ज्योंज्यों सभ्यता का विकास होता है त्यों त्यों काव्य कला का हास होता है” कथन तो विरुद्ध (paradoxical) प्रतीत होता है पर इसमें सत्यता का अंश बहुत कुछ है । इस कथन का तात्पर्य यह है कि ज्योंज्यों सभ्यता का विकास होता है त्यों त्यों लोगों में प्राकृतिक भाव नष्ट होते जाते हैं तथा कृत्तिमता आती जाती है । तभी मनुष्य प्रकृति का संसर्ग छोड़कर संसार में प्रविष्ट करता है, और तभी काव्य कला में भावों की अनुपस्थिति होने लगती है ।

काव्य दो भागों में विभाजित किये जा सकते हैं। कुछ काव्य ऐसे हैं जो कि कवि के व्यक्तित्व से अलग नहीं किये जा सकते। उनमें कवि की आत्मा छिपी रहती है। ऐसे काव्यों में कवि की प्रतिभा ही की झलक रहती है पर कुछ काव्य ऐसे हैं जिनमें विश्वात्मा संचरण करती है, वे देश तथा काल से अनवच्छिन्न रहते हैं। ऐसे ही काव्यों को महाकाव्य कहते हैं।

जिस काव्य में विश्ववेदना का स्वर नहीं वह काव्य माधुर्य से हीन है। 'शैली' ने इसी भाव को इस प्रकार व्यक्त किया है :—

"Our sweetest songs are those,
That tell of the saddest thoughts."

पर यह मानना ही पड़ेगा कि कवि पर देश अथवा काल का प्रभाव अवश्य पड़ता है। पर यह प्रभाव कवि की 'कल्पना शक्ति' का बाधक नहीं होता वरन् सहायक होता है जिसके कारण कल्पना एक निर्दिष्ट पथ की ओर अग्रसर होती है। देश तथा काल का प्रभाव स्पष्ट प्रकट है कि भिन्न भिन्न युगों में भिन्न भिन्न भावों की प्रधानता रहती है। सभ्यता के आदि काल में जो कवि रहे होंगे उनकी रचनाओं में भाषा का आडम्बर नहीं। उनके काव्य निर्मल जल धारा के सदृश सदैव विशद होंगे। पर धन तथा वैभव से सम्पन्न देश में कवियों की रुचि भाषा की सजावट की ओर अधिक होगी, इतना ही नहीं उनकी कविता का विषय भी वाङ्मय जगत होगा।

—देवी शङ्कर वाजपेयी
प्रथम वर्ष (कला)

अन्तर्नाद

(गद्यकाव्य)

[लेखक—श्री० जयनाथरायण मेहरोत्रा]

प्रथम वर्ष (कला)

(१)

राज मार्ग छोड़कर आज मैं पाप की गली में बैठे हूँ। इसलिये की मैं यहाँ शान्ति से तुम्हारा स्मरण कर सकूँ।

(२)

मैंने तो मुट्ठी भर राख की आशा की थी, इस ताज की नहीं। मैंने तो दुख दर्द की आशा की थी, इस ऐश्वर्य की नहीं। मैंने तो विरहाग्नि में झुलसन चाहा था, इस मिलन की सुख-कल्पना में विभोर होना नहीं।

(६)

आओ ! यह ताज, यह ऐश्वर्य, यह मिलन लेते जाओ । मुझे तो राख
दर्द और विरह की ही चार है क्योंकि वे ही मेरे सर्वस्व हैं ।

(३)

मैं तो फकीर हूँ ।

मुझे धन वैभव से क्या काम ? मैं तो तेरी दया—तेरे कृपा-कटाक्ष का
भिखारी हूँ ।

(४)

अरे ! अभिमान मत कर ।

देख ! मेरी आंख से आंसू की बूंदें टपक रही हैं । इन्हीं बूंदों से मैं एक
ऐसी जंजीर तैयार करूंगा जिससे तेरा हृदय जकड़ जायगा । उस समय तेरे
इस अभिमान की एक न चलेगी । इसलिये आर्यमान मत कर ।

(५)

इस कालाहल मय जगत में मुझे अशान्ति के अतिरिक्त कुछ भी दृष्टिगोचर
नहीं होता ।

मैं एक ऐसे देव मन्दिर की खोज में हूँ जिसमें मेरे दग्ध हृदय का अलूण्ड
शान्ति प्राप्त हो सके । किन्तु वह पुरीत मन्दिर मुझे मिल नहीं रहा है ।
मेरे नाथ ! मुझे उस मन्दिर का मार्ग दिखलाओ ना ?

उपालम्भ

[रचयिता—श्री० मिट्ठू लाल पालीवाल]

प्रथम वर्ष (कला)

लोग कहते हैं नाथ ! तुमको दया निधान,
मुग्ध मानसों में कास-कण्टक चुभाते क्यों ?
दीन-हीन-नाथ होके देते क्यों न दर्श कभी,
प्रणयी-जनों के प्राण ! वृथा तड़पाते क्यों ?
भक्त-प्रेम-वशीभूत हो, तब क्यों छलियों सा,
प्रेम-मधुरों को छल उन्हें भटकाते क्यों ?
जब तुम्हीं हो सर्वत्र दलितों के नाथ !
कहो, कातिलों की भांति उन्हें कलपाते क्यों ?

परिवर्तन

[ययुना प्रसाद तिवारी]

द्वितीय दर्ष (कला)

मोहन ने कायस्थ पाठशाला से इन्टर मीजिएट प्रथम श्रेणी में पास किया है। अपने अनवरत एवं सुव्यवस्थित परिश्रम के कारण उसने अंगरेजी में 'डिस्टिंशन' भी पाया है। पूर्व की भाँति पं० दीनानाथ के यहाँ वह अब भी जाता है और प्रेमाश्रु पुष्प-निश्चय का हार गूँथ कर बहुधा उन्हें पहनाने में ही अपार सुख का अनुभव करता है।

शरद ऋतु में एक दिन प्रातःकाल अपने कमरे में पं० दीनानाथ जी समाचार पत्र पढ़ रहे थे। बाहर कूछ आहट पाने पर उन्होंने उठकर देखा तो सामने ही मोहन को प्रेम भरी दृष्टि से अपनी ओर देखते पाया। पं० जी ने आसन देकर पूछा—

‘कहो मोहन यूनिवर्सिटी की पढ़ाई में अब कोई आर्थिक संकट तो नहीं ? निस्संकोच भाव से बतलाओ’।

मोहन ने कहा—

‘देव आपकी कृपा से मुझे २०) प्रति मास गवर्नमेंट से छात्र वृत्ति मिलती है। १०) प्रति मास की सहायता जो आपने सीहीपुर के रईस और तालुकदार से दिलाई थी वह भी जारी है। पूर्व की भाँति आप मेरे पालक एवं रक्षक हैं ही, फिर मेरे लिये आर्थिक संकट कैसा ?

‘अच्छा बेटा अब तुम जा ओ; पढ़ने में अनध्याय न करो। परमात्मा तुम्हारा कल्याण ही करेगा’।

मोहन ने इंगलिश लेकर एम० ए० पास किया है। यूनिवर्सिटी में वह सर्व प्रथम उत्तीर्ण हुआ है। गवर्नमेंट ने उसकी योग्यता पर मुग्ध होकर उन्हें इंग्लैण्ड भेजने में हर्ष प्रकट किया है। मदनमोहन जी श्रीवारतव इंग्लैण्ड प्रस्थान की तैयारी में इतने व्यस्त हैं कि वे अपने पूर्व संरक्षक के पास न जा सकें। परन्तु उनको पुत्रवत् मानने वाले पं० जी इस शुभ अवसर पर बिना उनसे मिले कैसे शान्ति प्राप्त करें ? फलतः मदन जी के यहाँ जाकर यथा अवसर उनसे कहा—

'मुझे बड़ी प्रसन्नता है कि आपकी योग्यता पर मुग्ध होकर गवर्नमेंट ने आपको विलायत भेजना निश्चित किया है। मैं आपकी मंगल कामना करता हूँ।

'देव मेरे लिये क्या आज्ञा है' ?

आपसे मेरा कोई व्यक्तिगत निवेदन नहीं। फिर भी मुझे इतना आपसे सानुरोध कहना है कि इंग्लैण्ड जाने पर आप भारतीय संभ्यता को भूल न जाना और अपने देश में लौट कर उच्च पदासीन होने पर दीन दुःखियों के ऊपर दया दृष्टि रखना ।

'इण्डियन सविल सर्विस की परीक्षा सर्व प्रथम पास करना कोई सरल कामनहीं। श्रीवास्तव जी ने न केवल इस विषय में वांछनीय सफलता प्राप्त की है, वरन् वे इस ज़िले के कलेक्टर भी नियुक्त हुये हैं। अस्तु इस अकाल में वे हमारी बड़ी सहायता कर सकते हैं'।

'हृदय धन जाने को आप जाइये। परन्तु यदि प्रभुता के मद में उन्होंने आपका तिरस्कार किया तो आपका जाना व्यर्थ ही होगा। कहा भी है, प्रभुता पाई काहि मद नहीं'।

'नहीं प्रिये, कुछ भी होये हमारा ख्याल तो ज़रूरी ही करेंगे। यदि मैं उनके पास जाऊंगा तो वे साल भर के लिये मालगुजारी अवश्य मुल्तवी कर देंगे। अपना ही नहीं इसमें और किसानों का भी भला होगा'।

उत्प्रेष्ठ के मध्याह्न में प्रकृति ने बड़ा ही उग्र रूप धारण किया है। पृथ्वीतल जला जा रहा है। उष्ण वायु बह रही है। पथ में दूर दूर पर आम एवं मधूक के वृक्ष दृष्टिगोचर हो रहे हैं। रखवाले पके आमों की ढेरी लगा रहे हैं। घरेलू जानवर मधूक वृक्ष के नीचे जुगाली कर रहे हैं। आकाश में मेघावली की मोटी चहर आज दृष्टिगोचर नहीं होती। प्रकृति का यह ताण्डव नृत्य भी किसानों के लिये एक सामान्य बात हो गई है। उन्हें इसका अनुभव करने का अवकाश ही कहाँ ?

इसी समय मैं पं० दीनानाथ जी एक जीर्ण शीर्ण धोती, एक मामूली अंगरखा और फटे पुराने जूते पहने तथा एक शतछिद्र समन्वित दुपट्टा कंधे पर रखे बड़े वेग से कलेक्टर साहब के बंगले की ओर झपटे चले जा रहे हैं। शरीर से अनवरत पसीना बह रहा है। प्रचण्ड धूप से वे घबड़ा उठे हैं। थकावट के मारे उनका पैर आगे बढ़ना नहीं चाहता, परन्तु आशाचन्द्र में बंधे वे आगे बढ़े ही चले जा रहे हैं। प्राकृति के इस अट्टहास को सुनने की उन्हें समय कहाँ। इस विकट मार्ग को पार करके अब वे बनारस शहर पहुँच गये हैं। वहाँ का नेत्रों को चकाचौंध कर देने वाला दृश्य देखने को भी उन्हें अवकाश नहीं। आगे ही कलेक्टर साहब का बंगला है। पं० जी फूले नहीं समाते।

उधोड़ीदार को देखकर उन्होंने आगे बढ़ कर कहा—

‘भाई’ कलेक्टर साहब से इत्तला करदो कि गीमे गांव के पं० दीनानाथ पाँडे आपसे भेंट करना चाहते हैं।

‘देहातियों का गंवारूपन बहीं जाता। चले हैं कलेक्टर साहब से भेंट करने। बतलाओ क्या काम है ? मैं उनसे जाकर अर्ज करदूँ।’

‘काम बतलाने की तो कोई आवश्यकता ही नहीं थी, क्योंकि मेरा नाम सुनते ही वे मुझे बुला लेते। फिर भी तुम हठ ही करते हो तो सूचित करदो कि मालगुजारी के बारे में आये हैं।’

समाचार पाते ही कलेक्टर साहब कुछ देर तक सोचने लगे, इस व्यक्ति ने मेरी सहायता की थी। बाल्य काल में यह मुझसे प्रेम करता था। परन्तु इस समय उसका यहाँ आना उचित नहीं हुआ। क्या उस प्रेम का इतना महत्व कि वह इतना भी ख्याल न करे कि मुझसे सर्व-साधारण नहीं मिल सकते ? मुझसे अपना काम साधने का यह साहस निश्चय ही दुस्साहस है। स्वरा संसार एक दूसरे के सहयोग पर निर्भर है; फिर उन्होंने उस समय मेरी कुछ सहायता की हो कोई बड़ी बात नहीं की। फिर मैं इतना बुद्धिमान एवं अध्यवसयी न होता तो वे हमसे प्रेम ही क्यों करते ? जो हो, मुझसे मिलने का उनका यह साहस कदापि संगत नहीं। सोचते ही सोचते वे ज्योदीदार से कड़क कर बोले—

तुम साधारण लोगों का झगड़ा मेरे सामने उपस्थित करके मेरे काम और आराम में विघ्न क्यों किया करते हो ? ऐसे लोगों से झौरन कह दिया करो कि चले जायँ। उससे जा कर कह दो कि दो तीन महीने तक मिलने का उन्हें अवकाश नहीं।

ज्योदीदार से इस अपूर्व चिन्तित उत्तर को पाकर पं० जी को आश्चर्य एवं खेद हुआ। फिर भी उन्हें विश्वास न हुआ, सोचा कि यह योंही कहता होगा। फिर सोचने लगे कि कलेक्टर साहब के कमरे में इसे घुसते मैंने देखा था। इसे झूठा ही कहना होता तो यह अन्दर जाता ही क्यों। ‘प्रभुता पाइ काहि मद् नाहीं’ वाली सूक्ति भी उन्हें याद आ गई। आश्चर्य एवं क्रोध में बेतिलमिला उठे ? परन्तु कर ही क्या सकते थे। मन में अपार दुःख का अनुभव करते हुये वे चले गये।

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माघ का महीना है। दिन के आठ बजे हैं। सीहीपुर के पास का बन इस समय बड़ा ही रम्य प्रतीत होता है। वह इतना बड़ा भी है कि तेज़ से तेज़ घोड़ा पाँच घण्टे में उसे पार नहीं कर सकता। इस बन में हिरन, नील गाय, शेर, चीते, भालू, भेड़िये इत्यादि भरे पड़े हैं। मध्य भाग में दो चार शोपड़ियाँ

ही दृष्टि में आती हैं। शेष बन निर्जन एवं प्रकृति के अपार सरल वैभव से शोभित है। इन झोपड़ियों के निवासी लकड़ी का व्यवसाय करके जीविका कमाते हैं। झोपड़ियों के बीच में एक बरगद का सघन वृक्ष है। शेष बन मिथ्य भिन्न जंगली वृक्षों की अधिकता से बड़ा ही सघन है।

कलेक्टर साहब को शिकार का बड़ा शौक है। वे अपने चार सिपाहियों सहित इसी बन में शिकार खेल रहे हैं। आज न जाने क्यों वे अपने शिकार में विफल रहे। कोई भी जानवर निशाने में न आया। वे सोचने लगे इतनी देर हो गई, फिर भी कोई शिकार हाथ न आया; आज किसका मुँह देख कर उठे थे! इतने ही में आकाश में गर्जन होने लगी। मेघाच्छन्न आकाश में बिजली की कड़क से साहब का दिल धड़का उठा। धनगोर वर्षा होने लगी; घोड़े फिसलने लगे तथा भीग कर कलेक्टर साहब सहित चारों सिपाही काँपने लगे। कलेक्टर साहब ने कुछ देर तक सोचा विचारा। देखा कि घोड़े पानी में दौड़ नहीं सकते। कुछ समझ में न आया कि क्या करूँ। अन्त में सिपाहियों के अनुरोध से वे उक्त झोपड़ियों की ओर चल पड़े। एक झोपड़ी के भीतर चार पाँच आदमी आग तापते हुये दिखलाई पड़े। मन ही मन साहब अपने बड़ब्यन को कोस रहे थे। बहुत देर हो जाने एवं शिकार के श्रम से उन्हें क्षुधा और प्यास भी लगी थी। उन्हें क्या मालूम था कि माघ में पानी बरसने लगेगा, घोड़े दौड़ने में अशक्त हो जायेंगे और फलतः देर हो जायगी। सोचते सोचते वे उक्त झोपड़ी के दरवाज़े पर खड़े हो गये। वे लोग अपनी अपनी वर्दी भी नहीं पहने थे।

भीतर में बैठे हुये लोगों ने देखते ही इन सबों का सत्कार किया, और पानी पीने के लिये भूँजे हुये कन्द और आलू दिये। इस आतिथ्य से प्रसन्न होकर कलेक्टर साहब कुछ कहना ही चाहते थे कि एक वृद्ध सर पर लकड़ी का गट्टा लिये आ पहुँचा। कलेक्टर साहब और इस वृद्ध की आँखें चार हुईं। न जाने क्यों दोनों की आँखों में आँसू भर आये, तथा बिजली की भाँति द्रुत गति से अनेक भाव दोनों के हृदय में उठने लगे।

कलेक्टर साहब के सामने इनका प्राग्भिक जीवन मूर्तिमय होकर नाचने लगा। उन लोगों के मानवोचित एवं सरल व्यवहार का देखकर अपना पद और सन्मान उन्हें तुच्छ प्रतीत होने लगा। याद आने पर बड़े बड़े रायबहादुरों एवं अफसरों की खुशामदें तथा शिष्टाचार उन्हें आहम्बरमय प्रतीत होने लगा। दोनों का अमङ्गलचित्र उनके हृदय-पटल पर खचित हो गया, उनके हृत्तन्त्री के स्नेह तार स्वतः प्रकम्पित होकर बजने लगे जिसके मधुर स्वर में थोड़ी देर तक उन्हें आत्मविरमृति हो गई।

कुछ समय के बाद गद्गद हृदय एवं सलज्ज नेत्र से उन्होंने कहा—

मेरे जीवन निर्माता पं० जी, मैं आप को पाश्चात्य वातावरण के प्रभाव जनित अधिकार-मद में भूल गया था। मेरी अमानुषता एवं अकृतज्ञता के कारण ही आपकी तथा आप सहित अन्य किसानों की भी सारी भूमि वेदखल हो गई, और आप फलस्वरूप इस जंगल में पड़े दुःखमय जीवन व्यतीत कर रहे हैं। परन्तु अब मैं पुनः आपका और आप हमारे हैं। सपरिवार शीघ्र यहाँ से चलिये और अपने पड़ोसियों को भी लेंते चलिये। मैं आप लोगों के लिये जो कुछ कर सकता हूँ अवश्य करूँगा। आपकी वह चेतावनी कि “उच्च-पदासीन होने पर दीन दुखियों के ऊपर दयादृष्टि रखना” अब मुझे बार बार स्मरण आ रही है। मुझे बड़ा खेद है, परन्तु प्रसन्नता इसी बात में है कि मैं अब अपने जीवन में उसका उपयोग—सदुपयोग करूँगा।

इसके अतिरिक्त कलेक्टर साहब कुछ न कह सके। दोनों की आँखों से टप् टप् आँसू गिरने लगे।

प्रास्पेक्टस

(हास्यरस की एक नवीन कल्पनात्मक शैली)

[लेखक-श्री० जयकरन सिंह]

प्रथम वर्ष (कला)

प्यारे भाइयों,

अभी कुछ ही दिन हुए किन्दी महाशय ने स्थानीय चोंच आफ्रिस में नीचे लिखी एक नई कम्पनी खुलने की सूचना भेजी है। कम्पनी जिस उद्देश्य को लेकर इस धराधाम पर अवतीर्ण हुई वह धाकड़ लाजवाब है। इसलिए आप लोगों को चाहिये की इस कम्पनी का पूरी सहायता दें। कम्पनी का प्रास्पेक्टस इस प्रकार है:—

कम्पनी का नाम

- १ डाक्टर काकभुसुण्ड पम० ए० डी० लिट् टाय टाय फिस।
- २ मिया पीकदान अली (चेयरमैन, बोन्स मेन्यूफेक्चरिंग कम्पनी।
- ३ लाला जदायू प्रसाद उर्फ लम्बोदर प्रसाद।
- ४ श्रीमान् हड़प राय झडप राम (डायरेक्टर, फ़ारेस्ट फायरिंग एजेंसी)

प्रेसिडेन्ट

सेठ ढकेल चन्द ढेलचन्द डन्डा वाला

सेक्रेटरी और चीफ एजन्ट

मेसर्स लेभगू प्रसाद, अललटप्पू एण्ड कम्पनी

बैंकर्स

दी आसमान पाताल बैंक लिमिटेड

दी सफाचट बैंकिंग कारपोरेशन लिमिटेड

आडीटर्स

राङ्गमेन गड़बड़ घोटाला कम्पनी

कम्पनी के उद्देश्य

पानी का घी बना देना, कंकड़ों को हीरे बना देना, प्याज में से कपूर निकालना, सुपारी से तेल निकालना, और धूल से इत्र बनाना इस कम्पनी का उद्देश्य है। कम्पनी ने बड़े बड़े एक्सपर्टों का खास इसी काम के लिये भारी तनख्वाह देकर रक्खा है इसी तरह के दूसरे कई दुनर जो अभी तक दुनिया में नहीं निकले, यह कम्पनी आविष्कृत करेगी।

स्वर्ण, नरक और पाताल तीन जगह इस कम्पनी की शाखाएं खुल चुका हैं।

इस कम्पनी के शेअरहोल्डर्स को बड़ा फायदा होगा। जल्दी से शेअर्स खरीदिये और यश का ढेर लूट ले जाइये। एक शेअर का मूल्य केवल नाममात्र के लिये अर्द्ध तुल्य सुवर्ण रक्खा गया है।

पत्र-व्यवहार इस पते पर कीजिये—

मेसर्स, ले भगू प्रसाद, अललटप्पू एण्ड कम्पनी,

हेड आफिस जहन्नुम रोड, स्मशान मेन्शनस,

मुकाम—नरकवास।

तुच्छ भेट

[लेखक—श्री० शिवदानसिंह चौहान]

प्रथम वर्ष (कला)

यमुना का नीला जल कलकल करता हुआ दौड़ा चला जा रहा है। दोनों किनारों पर पहाड़ों की शिखर मालाएं शोभित हो रही हैं। गुफा के संकरे मार्ग में बहनेवाला प्रवाह रात दिन कलकल स्वर से गाया करता है।

पहाड़ों की श्रेणियाँ कतार बांधकर खड़ी थीं। यमुना में उनका प्रतिबिम्ब बड़ा सुन्दर मालूम पड़ता था। उन पर उगे हुए ऊँचे ऊँचे वृक्ष ऐसे प्रतीत हो रहे थे मानों पहाड़ अपने लम्बे हाथों का फैला कर गगन मण्डल में चित्रने वाली मेघ मालाओं को बुला रहे हों। ऐसे मत्तारम प्रदेश में पर्णकुटी बनाकर गुरुदेव सनातन निवास करते थे।

एक दिन की बात है। गुरुदेव गीता जी का पाठ कर रहे थे। उसी समय एक समीप के देश के राजा पधारे। गुरुदेव के चरणों में मस्तक झुका कर राजा बोले—“हे प्रभो ! दीन सेवक कुछ भेट लाया है”।

गुरुदेव ने हाथ फैला कर राजा को आशीर्वाद दिया। कुशल प्रश्न पूछा। राजा ने हीराजड़ित दो सोने के कंकण गुरुदेव के चरणों में रख दिये।

मुनिराज ने हंसकर कंकणों को उठा लिया और पास ही की एक शिला पर रख दिया। इसके बाद वे फिर गीता जी के पाठ में तल्लीन हो गये। सामने राजा बैठे हैं, इसका उन्हें जरा भी भान न रहा।

इतने ही में अचानक शिला पर से एक कंकण लुढ़का और लुढ़कता लुढ़कता यमुना के गहरे पानी में जा गया।

“अरे ! अरे !!” चिल्लाते हुए राजा यमुना में कूद पड़े और इधर उधर हाथ फैलाकर चारों ओर कंकण की खोज करने लगे।

इधर गुरुदेव तो ईश्वर के प्रेम में मग्न थे। उन्होंने पल भर के लिये भी पुस्तक से अपनी आँख न हटाई।

यमुना का ब्याम जल मानों खिलखिला कर राजा से कहता था—
देख, यहीं गिरा है कंकण ! राजा उस जगह पर खोज खोज थक जाते ! इस पर यमुना का प्रवाह फिर मानो कहा उठता—देख, देख, वहाँ नहीं, यहाँ है तेरा कंकण !

आखिर कार दिन ढल गया। दिन भर खोजा पर राजा का कंकण न मिला। भीगे हुए बख्शों को पहने हुए राजा गुरुदेव के पास आये। वे मन में यह सोच रहे थे—“कंकण तो मिला नहीं, गुरुदेव क्या कहेंगे?”

हाथ जोड़ कर राजा बोले—गुरुदेव, कंकण किस स्थान पर गिरा है, यह बतलाइये तो अभी खोज निकालूँ।

“कंकण!” यह कह कर गुरुदेव ने दूसरा कंकण भी यमुना में फेंक दिया। और बोले—देख, इसी जगह तेरा कंकण गिरा है।

राजा दिग्मूढ़ की तरह गुरुदेव की ओर ताकने लगे गुरुदेव के मुख पर हास्य की एक रेखा दौड़ गई।

उत्सुकता

[रचयिता—श्री० सुन्दरदत्त बहुगुणा]

द्वितीय वर्ष (विज्ञान)

कूप टड़ाग नदी अरु नाले
बादल नभ के काले काले
उमड़ उमड़कर घुमड़ घुमड़कर
निशि दिन किसकी गाथा गाते ?

रात्रि दिवस निर्झर की झरझर
ठौर ठौर दादुर की टर टर
बरस बरस कर श्यामल जलधर
किस विधुरा की व्यथा सुनाते ?

मटक मटक कर मुदित मयूगिन
लटक लटक कर लता नवेलिन
'पिऊ पिऊ' कर तृषित पगीहे
किस विस्मृत का स्मरण दिलाते ?

कुंज कुंज बिच कूक कूक कर
काकिल धन वन बिच इठलाकर
बिटप मार्ग बिच सुमन गिराकर
किस प्रियतम का स्वागत करते ?

आत्म-निष्ठा

[लेखक—श्री० रामचन्द्र द्विवेदी “प्रदीप” विशारद]

मनुष्य विचारशील प्राणी है। प्रत्येक बात पर वह विचार करता है, सोचता है। प्रकृति के उत्पन्न किये हुये जीवों में मनुष्य की ही विचार शक्ति प्रबल है। उसकी मानसिक शक्ति का जो विकास हुआ, यह जगत के अन्य किसी भी प्राणी का नहीं हुआ। इस जगत में प्रत्येक मनुष्य कुछ न कुछ करने के लिये आता है। कर्म ही मनुष्य का वास्तविक जीवन है। मनुष्य कर्म करता है, इच्छा से कर्म की उत्पत्ति होती है अपनी मनोभावनाओं से ही मनुष्य कर्म का बीजारोपण करता है, किन्तु प्रायः देखा जाता है कि कर्म के इस अनुष्ठान में अधिकतर मनुष्य असफल होते हैं, उनकी इस असफलता के कई कारण हैं, किन्तु उनमें सबसे प्रधान कारण यह है कि वे अपनी विचार-शक्ति का पूर्णतया उपयोग नहीं करते हैं।

आज हम इस कर्म युद्ध-जीवन-संग्राम में विजय प्राप्ति के लिये एक नवीन साधन बतलाना चाहते हैं, उस साधन का नाम है—आत्म निष्ठा, आत्मनिष्ठ मनुष्य कभी भी अपने कार्य में असफल नहीं हो सकते।

अपने विचारों और भावों पर अधिकार रखना, अपने स्वभाव की कुटियों पर विजय प्राप्त करना और अपनी इच्छाओं को संतुष्ट न रखना ही आत्म-निष्ठा कहलाती है, तात्पर्य यह है कि जो मनुष्य अपने स्वभाव, विचारों और भावों पर अधिकार रखेगा वही मनुष्य यथार्थतः आत्मनिष्ठ कहा जा सकेगा।

जब हम सूक्ष्म दृष्टि से सफलता पर विचार करते हैं तो हम देखते हैं कि सफलता मनुष्य के स्वभाव पर निर्भर है, उसकी स्वाभाविक व्यक्तिगत आदतों और योग्यता पर निर्भर है और निर्भर है उसकी आत्म-निर्भरता और अतन्द्रिता पर।

यदि कोई मनुष्य अपने कार्य को सफलता पूर्वक संपन्न करना चाहता है तो उसे चाहिये कि पहले वह अपने विचारों पर अपना प्रभुत्व स्थापित करे यदि वह अपनी वृत्तियों पर अधिकार नहीं जमा सकता, अपनी लालसाओं, आशंकाओं, मनोवृत्तियों और आदतों पर काबू नहीं कर सकता तो वह दूसरे मनुष्यों पर अधिकार प्राप्त करने में पूर्ण रूपेण सफल नहीं हो सकेगा। उस समय

उसकी दशा ठीक उसी जलथान के सदृश होगी जो हवा के प्रवल थपेड़ों से इधर उधर डगमगा रहा हो। उसकी दशा उस जहाज़ के समान न होगी जो अपनी अन्तर्शक्ति के बल पर हवा तूफान, आदि सभी विघ्नों को पराजित करता हुआ आगे बढ़ता ही जाय।

बहुत से मनुष्य कार्यक्षम होते हैं किन्तु उनमें से कोई मद्यपान के रोग से ग्रसित है, तो कुछ लोगों के सिर पर खेल का भूत सवार रहता है। कुछ लोग सुख के पीछे पागल हैं तो कुछ आलसी रहने में ही अपना अहोभाग्य समझते हैं। कुछ लोग अपनी कुटेबों के हाथों की कठपुतली बने हैं तो कुछ क्रोधादि के वशीभूत होकर अपना फालयापन कर रहे हैं। कुछ लोग अपनी कार्य करने की अक्षमता को सोचकर सिर पर हाथ धर कर बैठे हैं तो कुछ झूठमूठ ही अपनी कार्य कुशुलता की डींग हाँक रहे हैं।

ये सब बातें क्या सूचित करती हैं? केवल आत्मनिष्ठा का अभाव यही आत्मनिष्ठा का अभाव मनुष्य को असफलता की ओर ले जाता है। यही कितने ही कार्य-कुशल मनुष्यों को भी पथ भ्रष्ट कर देता है। मनुष्य अपने जीवन के उद्देश्य को समझने के पक्षे ही किसी लालसा या उत्कण्ठा के वशीभूत होकर अपने कर्तव्य को भूल जाता है और इस प्रकार असफलता की ओर पैर बढ़ाने लगता है।

इसी आत्म-निष्ठा के अभाव से राष्ट्रों में उपद्रव और क्रान्तियाँ उठ खड़ी होती हैं। सपूर्ण राष्ट्र भड़के हुए चौपायों के छुण्ड की भाँति किसी ओर बिना सोचेसमझे दौड़ पड़ते हैं और इस प्रकार अपनी शक्तियों का हास कर डालते हैं।

ऐसी क्रान्तियों के समय में तो राष्ट्र के सुरक्षित रहने का एक ही उपाय और साधन है और वह यह है कि उसके निवासी अपने पर अधिकार करने की कला को समझें; आत्म-निष्ठा के तत्वों को ग्रहणकर अपने आपका शक्तिशाली बनायें। यदि उस राष्ट्र के निवासी अपने मनकी विकार-वृत्तियों और आशङ्काओं के सामने पराजित हो जाते हैं तो निश्चय ही वह राष्ट्र अवनति की ओर अग्रसर होता जायगा। उस समय उसका विस्तार और धन उसके भावी उपद्रवों का निराकरण नहीं कर सकेगा।

अस्त हमारे भारतवर्ष की जो दशा है, यह किसी से अविदित नहीं है। यद्यपि लगभग बीस वर्षों से यहाँ भी राष्ट्रीयता की लहर उठ खड़ी हुई है। उससे भारतवर्ष में यद्यपि जागृति हो चुकी है किन्तु यहाँ के देशवासियों ने स्वावलम्बन का भाव पूर्ण रूप से नहीं आने पाया है। अभी इसकी मेढ़ियाघसान वृत्ति में तनिक भी अन्तर नहीं आया है। ऐसी दशा होने का एकमात्र कारण आत्मनिष्ठा का अभाव ही है।

यहां के औसत मनुष्यों में आत्मनिष्ठा की न्यूनता है और यही कारण है कि भारतवर्ष संसार के अन्यान्य राष्ट्रों की समृद्धि एवं उन्नति के समक्ष पिछड़ा हुआ दृष्टि नज़र आता है।

ऐसी परिस्थिति में, जब हम विश्व के अन्यान्य राष्ट्रों की समकक्षता में फीके दृष्टिगत होते हैं, हमारा क्या कर्तव्य है ? इस दशा में तो हमारा कर्तव्य यही है कि हम अपने उन अभावों की पूर्ति करें जिससे हमारी उन्नति की धारा अवरुद्ध हो रही है। जिस आत्मनिष्ठा के अभाव से हमारी अधोनति हो रही, है इसी का हम भली प्रकार अध्ययन करें, उसे सोचें, समझें और अपने जीवन में समावेश करें। जिससे हमारी परिष्कृत और सुसंस्कृत वृत्तियों का अनुकरण करके हमारी भावी सन्तान अपने आपको उन्नति कर अपने देश की गौरव-वृद्धि कर सकें।

रत्न-कण

[चयनकार-श्री० मन्नीराय शर्मा "विशारद"]

प्रथम वर्ष (कला)

- १ उस दर्पण को खोजो जिसमें तुम अपनी आत्मा का प्रतिबिम्ब देख सको।
- २ मनुष्य की भूलें ही उसकी शिक्षिकाएँ हैं।
- ३ सम्पत्ति की ओर न ताक कर सारी सम्पत्ति के स्वामी परमात्मा की ओर दृष्टि रखने का नाम ही कृतज्ञता है।
- सब से श्रेष्ठतर शासन वह है जो हमें आत्म शासन की शिक्षा देता है।
- ४ आशा व्यथितों तो का दूसरा जीवन है।
- ५ सच पूछो तो वही कुछ जानता है जो यह समझता है कि मेरा ज्ञान अल्प है। ज्ञान के साथ ही संशय की वृद्धि होती है।
- ६ संसार में साहसी और बलवान मनुष्य ही अपना जीवन स्थिर रख सकते हैं। निर्बलों के लिये विश्व के किसी भी अंचल में आश्रय नहीं है।
- ७ उच्च लक्ष्य पर पहुँचने के लिए कष्ट के अतिरिक्त यदि लोकोपहास भी सुनना पड़े तो श्रेष्ठ है।

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- ८ दूसरों के दुख को अपना समझना यही महात्मापन, सहानुभूति, समभाव तथा महान धर्म है। इह धर्म के पालन करनेवाले धन्य हैं।
- ९ तुम्हारी प्रबल इच्छा यही तुम्हारी आत्म-शक्ति के अखण्ड मंदार की कुंजी है।
- १० तुम जैसा सोचोगे और जैसी इच्छा करोगे वैसेही तुम हो जाओगे।
अतः अध्यात्म विद्या रूपी दर्पण में तुम अपने वास्तविक स्वरूप को देखलो। अपनी अगाध शक्ति को पहचानो और लोक परलोक के समस्त भयों को अथाह सागर में फेंक दो।
- ११ यदि शरीर में रहने वाला हृदय पवित्र एवं पापरहित नहीं हो तो उसे जमीन में गाड़ दो। क्योंकि रात्रि के प्रगाढ़ान्धकार में प्रकाश हीन दीपक भार स्वरूप होता है।
- १२ दूसरों के सुख के लिए अपने को मिटा देना, सुखी होने का यही सबसे सीधा रस्ता है।